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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men!
I thought these men will carry hence
Promptings their former lives above;
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.
LOWELL.

How frequently do we hear it said, "the age of poetry has passed in England;" "that men no longer care for the ideal"—assertions so far removed from truth, that we should not pause to refute them but for the all but universal credence they have obtained. No poetry in England!! Why, London itself is a never-ending epic, interspersed with satires, madrigals, and pastorals, jotted confusedly together in one huge volume, bound in brick and stone. No poetry!!! The overgrown city teems with it. It meets you in every street; strikes on the ear in a hundred voices—some loud, some hushed—mingling in the hot stream of life, and tinting it with its many-colored passions.

Look at the clerk, who, regularly, for forty years, has trudged his way into Lombard street or the Minories; there is a heroism, one of the finest elements of poetry, even in his dull existence. The balm-breathing breath of spring, the glowing heat of summer, autumn's healthful breeze, are invitations thrown away upon him—he is too poor to accept them; he cannot afford the time to gaze upon the face of Nature, rejoice in her smiles, interrogate her secrets; they are a sealed page to the poor city drudge, and none the less tantalizing that he knows there are such secrets. The little, sun-parched patch of earth at Hackney or Islington, which he calls his garden, has told him that; he is chained to his desk like Prometheus to his rock, a voluntary sacrifice. And why? He has a wife and children!

Is there no poetry, we ask, in such a life? The pelican feeding its young with blood drawn from its own breast is but a feeble type of it.

Regard your great speculators!—magnates upon 'Change, who direct the commerce of the world, and deal with millions as familiarly as costermongers handle pence, who have magnificent mansions, fine carriages and horses, liveried menials, exquisite wines, and a table Lucullus might envy. They are equally serfs, there is a biting satire in their lives. Like Frankenstein, they are fettered to the idol they have raised. It may be of gold and the pedestal of clay. A cypher wrong, a false calculation, and it falls. Day and night they must watch it, lest it crush them; anticipate the changes of the market, the fluctuations of credit, the convulsions of the political atmosphere, and so arrange their lightning conductors that the storm may burst, and leave their fortune unscathed. To stop is ruin, retreat impossible. They know this, and accept it as the condition of their existence.

Thus they persevere—toiling on till the overwrought brain at last gives way—the idol falls and is shattered. Curious eyes examine it; sometimes it proves to have been a bubble of coarsest earth, held together by fraud and indomitable will. Sometimes its fragments are of gold, which greedy heirs soon dissipate.

Thus we find that the speculator lives for an idea, sells himself for an idea, barters health, happiness, the joys of home, and sweet domestic ties for an idea, dies for an idea; but whether that idea be of good or ill, at least, there is a poetry mixed with it.

Suffering is the condition of success. Let no man envy it.

As a pleasing contrast to the picture we have drawn, take the city missionary, as he wends his way, unnoticed, to the abodes of poverty and crime—pity in his heart, consolation on his tongue, and such humble help as his means afford, ready to be bestowed where need most presses. His life is calm as a good man's thoughts; his perseverence enduring as the forbearance of Providence; neither foul words, insult, nor reproaches turn him from the path he has chosen. To the wretched, he whispers hope; to the guilty, penitence. Armed with the *Word*, he shatters the hard, calcareous cist ignorance and indifference have gradually deposited around the sinner's heart, enveloping it as in a winding sheet—rouses it from its torpor, probes the moral gangrene, and awakens it to life.

No morbid sensibilities or artistic tastes urge him to his self-imposed task; love and Christian charity are his motives, heaven his reward.

In London, tragedy, the loftiest element of poetry, is not wanting; but it is seen best at night, when the sleepless city, as from a hive, swarms forth its drones and lepers—some bent on pleasure, others on crime; some, branded with the wearying curse of pursuing shadows that ever seem to fly them. At night poverty quits its toiling, sordid abode, to jostle elbows with wealth, which, in the garish light of day, would smile disdainfully upon its rusty garb and pallid features, to breathe the cool, fresh air, to dream and banquet on the fallacies of hope.

It is at night the battle of humanity rages most fiercely. Step into that nondescript, unfinished monstrosity, the Palace of Westminster—grotesque monument of English taste and English gold, that conglomeration of absurdities, stolen from the hotels de ville of Belgium and Flanders, and plastered over with florid detail to conceal the petty larceny—what shall we behold? Age holding its own against manhood, clinging to power with the tenacity of the death-grip, forcing the brain to unequal contest. Hoary statesmen, the veterans of the arena, know no repose; it is a luxury denied them. Like the city speculator, they dare not sleep, lest younger hands should hurl them from their seat and grasp the reins. The signal for debate once given, and, like the worn war-steed at the trumpet's clang, they take their places in the foremost rank, and fight like gladiators chained to the stake—for what? Wealth? They have more than they can enjoy. Ambition? It has long since palled upon them. Party holds them. They dare not abandon that, but die in harness.

Poetry again!

Look at the man of letters—few know his pangs, trials, and privations—the agony of hope deferred, the uncertainty of success, the bitter humiliation, the hard necessity of keeping up an appearance, the daily struggle to spin bread from his aching brains. When imagination fails, he must descend to the recesses of his own sad heart, and sift the still burning ashes for incidents to amuse the thoughtless million, who read and forget them. Perhaps he has some loved being, some solitary tie, which binds him to the world, dependent upon his exertions, and dares not shrink from his iron task—the dread of failure creeps upon him; paralyzes his worn energies, till sensitiveness verges upon madness. But what do the critics care? They, too, must live. With pitiless nerve they apply the caustic to yet uncicatrized wounds, smile at his contortions, and immolate a victim, rather than eat their mutton cold.

If, by chance, we encounter such a lone one, worn, wild, and haggard, smarting with recent wrong, let us not judge him harshly. The fiery draught is not the only cause of the flushed cheek and burning brow; disappointment and hunger—ay, hunger! although his coat be whole, and his boots well polished—may have painted them.

All literary men are not the reckless bacchanals of the cup and lip, the would-be moralists of the world suppose.

Midnight has struck. Walk into the Haymarket, the mart of vice and suffering masked beneath hollow pleasures. Gaze on the wreck of beauty, listen to the forced mirth, the reckless laugh, reason contending against excitement, and if ever angels' tears have fallen on earth, they sure must shed them there. Regard the youth, his father's hope and pride, fresh from his village home, bewildered, precept struggling against allurement, yielding to evil companionship, yet ashamed of his own weakness. Stung by the mocking sneers of his new friends, he forgets the mother who at that moment may be praying for him, and plunges into sin to escape from ridicule.

A few short weeks of such a life, and the blush of healthful innocence will disappear—give place to the sickly hue of dissipation. The boy will become *blasé*, and fancy himself a man. It is sad to think that the youth of the present day, like the Israelites of old, cast the most precious incense upon unworthy shrines. Take the inmates of a house, no matter which, in one of the close back streets of London. The landlady and her family crowded together in the reeking kitchens; the first floor occupied by the newly-married couple from the country; the second by the professional man—teacher of music or drawing; the attics by the poor ballet girl and still poorer sempstress—tinsel and poverty close neighbors; the first tottering, perhaps, upon the verge of the precipice down which the second has already plunged. Midnight is past. The dancer has cast aside her spangled robe and thin shoes, and is eating her scanty supper; the needlewoman, straining her eyes by the light of a single candle, to finish the embroidery that must be taken home in the morning, and grudgingly paid for at starvation price. If, for an instant, her strength fails and her sight grows dim, she regards the infant sleeping in the truckle bed in the corner, gathers fresh courage, dries her tears, wonders at her weakness, and plies the needle with redoubled assiduity.

Yes, like a living thing, the overgrown city suffers, and suffering is poetry. Every feature, however, is not a sad one. Thank Heaven, there still are homes within its huge embrace in which peace and virtue, sweet content, heart purity, love and happiness, delight to dwell; they are the pastorals of life, and the discontented rich ones its epigrams.

Some of our readers, perchance, may ask why we have commenced with such a phantasmagoria. As coming events cast their shadows before them, so have we cast the prologue of our tale, rough, pen-and-ink sketches of the characters waiting to be introduced to their acquaintance.

We trust that, for the sake of "auld lang syne," they will receive them kindly.

* * * * * *

On the 1st of September, 1820, the sun rose brightly on Lowelstree, a retired village, situated on the borders of Lincolnshire, gilding the slender spire of the rustic church, and the gables of the homesteads clustering around it, with that rich, golden hue peculiar to an English autumn.

The morning, though cloudless, was a cold one. The carters and farm servants walked briskly, with a determined, business-like air, on their way to the fields, as if they meant work. Most of them, however, relaxed their pace as they approached a house half buried in trees, adjoining the churchyard, of somewhat superior pretensions to the rest, and gazed wistfully at the light still burning in one of the upper windows—shook their heads sadly, and passed slowly on.

Even the plough-boys ceased to whistle as they drew near, and drove their teams in silence.

Most of the husbandmen had gone forth to labor; but the day had not sufficiently advanced for the housewives of Lowelstree to make their appearance yet. The occasional opening of a casement, the thrusting forth of a head, and a hasty glance at the rectory house, where the curate, the Reverend Edward Mansell, was dying, proved the unfeigned sorrow they also felt at the anticipated loss of their friend and pastor, who had lived twenty-five years amongst them, and won their affection and good will, by illustrating in his own life the charity and Christian love of the faith he taught.

The clock had scarcely done striking six when a youth of eighteen, whose appearance denoted a condition superior to that of the laborers and farm servants, walked hastily down the village. He also paused and regarded the rectory window, opened the gate leading to the house, and knocked gently at the door.

It was opened by a respectable-looking female, whose age could not have been much under sixty. Her eyes were red with weeping.

"How is Mr. Mansell?" inquired the young man, in a voice subdued almost to a whisper, as if he feared the answer.

"Dying, Master Tom—dying," sobbed the housekeeper. "It will be a sad loss to Lowelstree. So good a gentleman! We shall never have such another minister."

"Never!" repeated the young man, emphatically. "But is there no hope?"

"None! none!" exclaimed the woman, with a fresh burst of grief. "Doctor Hacket says that he may last till noon—not longer. It would break the heart of a stone," she continued, "to see him—he is so resigned, so patient. I left him gazing on the pale faces of his poor boys, grasping a hand of each, praying for them, consoling and blessing them—no thought of his own sufferings; and I know what they must have been. God knows what will become of them when he is gone."

"Poor Harold!" sighed the visitor.

"Ay, and poor Master Harry," added the housekeeper, reproachfully; "you forget him."

"No, I don't, Mrs. Sparges," replied the youth, warmly; "but Harold, you know, saved my life—dragged me out of the river—at the risk of his own. It is only natural that I should think of him first."

"Perhaps it is, Master Tom," murmured the female, "perhaps it is."

"I have brought you a brace of birds for his father," said the former, at the same time drawing them from the pocket of his shooting-jacket. "I was out before five to shoot them. I thought he might fancy them, and——"

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Sparges, pushing them back with her hand, "he will never eat again."

"Is that you, Tom?" demanded a youth of fourteen, who now made his appearance in the hall. "Come in."

The speaker was Harry Imray, the nephew of the dying man. An orphan from early infancy, he had never known any other home than the house of his uncle, or any other parent than the benevolent relative who, despite his limited means, and the angry remonstrances of his wealthy relative, Sir Jasper Mansell, head of the great London banking-house of Mansell & Company, persisted in taking charge of him.

The man of money pronounced the conduct of the curate ridiculous and quixotic, felt himself insulted that his advice had not been taken, and treated him with marked coldness ever since, and yet the tie of blood between them was a near one: they were half brothers.

If affection could have repaid him, the worthy man would have found ample recompense for the sacrifice the additional charge upon his slender means entailed, in the love and obedience of the friendless boy, whom he educated with his own son Harold, a spirited, fine-hearted youth, about the same age as Tom Mayfield.

The marked contrast in the characters of the two cousins was one cause, perhaps, of the strong attachment which bound them to each other. Harry was timid, gentle almost as a girl; Harold fiery and daring, indignant of the slightest sense of wrong, yet patient with those he loved, frank and trusting. Harry was suited by temperament for a life of retirement, reflection, and peaceful study—Harold to contend with the world, grasp its difficulties, direct its movements, and hold his own in its hot battles. Yet he, too, could be patient on occasion, place the rein upon his feelings, appear calm and impenetrable.

Fatal or splendid qualities in one so young—so soon to be cast without a pilot upon the stormy sea of life—a powerful weapon or a broken shield, according to the use made of them.

Whilst in the vein for description, we may as well photograph the portrait of his friend, Tom Mayfield, the only son of one of the richest farmers in the neighborhood—indulged by his parents as *only* sons generally are indulged—yet, strange to say, unspoiled by their weakness. He was the best shot and cricketer in Lowelstree. At the bat, Harold, perhaps, might have disputed the palm with him, but as a bowler his superiority was incontestible.

For several years a sort of quiet rivalry existed between the two youths; but from the day the curate's son saved the life of his rustic competitor it ceased, and they became friends, fast friends, whom no coldness nor rivalry henceforth could divide, and Tom never displayed so much indignation as when any of the members of the cricket club ventured to praise his skill at the expense of his preserver.

In person, the young farmer was tall, his frame well knit, wiry and strong, without being ungraceful. In fact, he was just such a fellow as would attract the glance of the recruiting sergeant, or a pretty girl at a village fair—both excellent judges in their way.

He had dark hair, a merry hazel eye, and a face which, if not regularly handsome, had candor and manly confidence written in every feature.

No wonder, with such advantages, that he was popular with the fair sex. The most prudent mothers in Lowelstree forbore to chide when they discovered their daughters chatting with Tom Mayfield.

At the rectory he was almost as much at home as at the farm, and yet he hesitated to enter the house at the invitation of Harry.

The shadow of Death was in it, and he felt awed at the majesty of its presence.

"Come in," repeated the sorrowing youth.

Tom stepped into the hall; the speaker grasped his hand, and tried to speak, but tears choked his utterance.

"It be the will of God, Master Harry," said the young farmer, in a low tone; "we must all submit to it. Where be Harold?"

"With his father," sobbed the boy; "with his dear father."

In the chamber above, one of those scenes which wring the heart, proving, by its agonies, that we are something more than clay, was taking place. The dying parting from the living, affection uttering its last counsels, taking its farewell gaze, straining the dim sight to catch the fading lineaments of the being it most loves, imprint them on the reeling brain, and bear them as a memory to the grave.

"Fear God, Harold," murmured the curate, fixing his eyes with calm tenderness upon his son's, "and love Him more, much more, than you fear Him. I have no fortune to leave you, my poor boy," he added; "nothing but an unsullied name."

"And is not that a precious heritage, dear father?" said the youth, whose quivering lip and suppressed voice betrayed the struggle he endured to maintain the outward show of firmness.

"You will not be quite friendless," added Mr. Mansell; "your uncle, Sir Jasper, has promised to assist you as soon as I am dead. Forward the letter I gave you last night to him."

"Yes, dear father; but Harry—what is to become of Harry?"

The dying man sighed deeply; the question had evidently awakened painful feelings in his breast.

"Sir Jasper will do nothing for him," he answered.

There was a pause, during which father and son continued to regard each other earnestly.

"And why not?" demanded the latter, seriously; "Harry will soon have no other protector than myself. Ought I not to know the cause—the motive of this strange distinction? Are we not both his nephews?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You hesitate, and yet I'm sure you do not fear to trust me?"

"Trust you!" repeated the curate, grasping his hand; "with my life, dear boy, had it long years of happiness and usefulnees still to run—with all that I hold most sacrad. Trust you! How could I do otherwise than trust a son who never yet deceived me?"

"Never, father! never, willingly!"

"I ought to have foreseen this," murmured Mr. Mansell; "raise my pillow. Thank you; come nearer to me. Should my strength fail, Farmer Mayfield has a letter which will explain all, and three hundred pounds, the savings of many years, placed with him for your use—yours and Harry's," he added, "for I make no distinction between you—he, too, has been to me a son."

"And to me a brother—a dear, affectionate brother," said Harold.

A smile of approbation lit the wan features of the dying man. The proof of disinterestedness was doubly gratifying to him at such a moment. It proved the lessons he had inculcated were sown on good soil.

"Sir Jasper and myself," he said, "are brothers by the father's side—half brothers by blood."

"Not even that by nature," remarked the youth, with bitterness; "your heart is of gold—pure, unalloyed; his——"

"Hush!" interrupted his father, "whatever his faults, it is not for us to judge him. He has promised to take care of you; he would have assisted me; offered me the rich living of Everton, but I refused it."

"Perhaps there were *conditions*, father."

To this observation Mr. Mansell made no reply, but continued the explanation he had felt it necessary to commence.

"Your grandfather's fortune came to him by marriage," he resumed. "I have heard that it was something enormous, but never knew the amount. On his death, as was both just and right, the son of his first wife inherited it, and the mother of Harry and myself were left all but dependent upon his bounty. To do Sir Jasper justice he acted nobly by us: sent me to Oxford—I had no brains for business—paid my expenses there, and supported my sister in affluence, till she offended him past forgiveness by bestowing her hand on one of his own clerks, without asking his consent, or even informing him of her intention."

"Pride," exclaimed Harold, contemptuously; "the empty pride of Mammon. The clerk, no doubt, was poor."

"As we are."

"I thought so," ejaculated his son.

"And illegitimate," added the curate. "But what made the connection doubly offensive to your uncle, was his being a natural son of his own father-in-law, Sir Joseph Imray, the founder of the bank."

The youth slowly repeated the words "natural son," as if weighing them in his mind.

"No doubt of it," said his father; "I ascertained the fact beyond all cavil. And yet," he continued, "I never could understand why Jasper should show such unrelenting animosity to poor Harry. When his parents died, he wanted to send him from England, but I refused, and took charge of him myself."

Harold gently pressed the speaker's hand.

"Three years since he offered me the rich living of Everton, if I would send him to sea."

"To sea!" repeated his hearer, indignantly. "Harry, who has been gently nurtured, who is timid as a girl, to sea? Not whilst I live, and can work for him."

Mr. Mansell regarded his son with a feeling of intense affection, and something like pardonable pride mingled with it, till a painful recollection seemed to cross his mind, when he closed his eyes, and prayed mentally.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it will be best."

"What will be best, dear father?" whispered Harold.

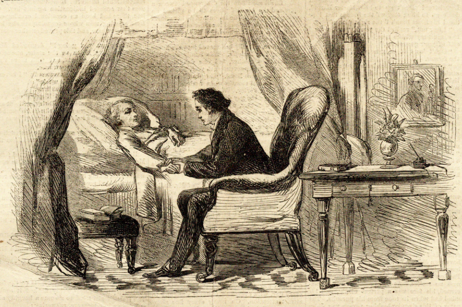
"When I am dead, Sir Jasper will be the lawful guardian of your cousin; being a minor, you cannot claim the right."

"I do not fear him!"

"It is hard to judge unfavorably of one so near to me," continued the curate, "but Jasper is revengeful—unforgiving, and has, I fear, but little scruple as to the means of gratifying his resentment; he hates poor Harry."

"Let him hate him," replied his son, scorn

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE DYING CLERGYMAN.

and indignation flashing through his tears; "Harry is my brother in affection if not in blood—your legacy to me; I shall know how to guard it. But you have been deceived," he added, speaking slowly; "your heart, guileless and pure, forbade you to suspect evil in others. Hate! hate!" he repeated, "the feeling is most unnatural. Men only hate the being they have wronged."

"I fear I have been to blame," murmured Mr. Mansell; "I should have demanded an explanation, sought it by every means, not dreamt my life away."

"If there has been error," said Harold, "I will atone it! I am young, have energy and perseverance more than you dream of; if my clever uncle has played a false game, it shall go hard but I will unmask him; hypocrisy is never so guarded but at some moment it lets fall a clue to its detection."

"You promise me?" said the curate.

"By my love and duty as a son," answered the young man, solemnly.

"Call your cousin," said the dying man; "the moment is approaching, and I wish to have you both near me. Be firm, dear boy, be firm," he added. "It is not hard for a Christian man to die."

When Harry Imray entered the room, he was so struck by the change in the features of his relative and benefactor, that he staggered rather than walked to the side of the bed, where his cousin was already kneeling. The arm of Harold sustained him.

"I bequeath my love to both my sons," said the curate, solemnly, "as a memory and a blessing. Guard them, Almighty Father, from the sins that assail incautious youth; strengthen their hearts with truth; cleanse them with purity; uphold their innocence 'gainst the tempter's snares, that, when the last trumpet sounds, and we meet again before thy judgment-seat, thy servant may rejoice and thankfully exclaim: Thanks, Lord! the children that I reared are both with Thee."

These were the last words that were audible, for nature was nearly exhausted—the struggle almost over; but, whilst it endured, the lips of the dying man continued to move in mental prayer. The gentle spirit fled at last, abandoning the frail tenement of clay for its more glorious and long-promised garb.

For nearly an hour after the death of Mr. Mansell the orphans remained kneeling by the bed, gathering strength and resignation from that Source where, at such moments of our lives, alone it may be found. Harold was the first to rise. He had a solemn duty to perform. With filial hand he closed the eyes of his dead father, and imprinted a kiss upon his cheek.

A burning tear fell with it.

Perceiving that his cousin's fortitude had all but given way, he took him by the hand and led him silently from the room.

In less than an hour it was generally known throughout the village that the worthy curate was no more, and, so deep was the impression the mournful event created, that labor was suspended—men had no heart to work. Tom Mayfield hastened with the intelligence to the farm, and broke it as gently as possible to his father, whom he found reading his Bible by the window.

"A good man taken from us," said the farmer, emphatically; "we shall not easily supply his place amongst us."

Such was the general feeling in Lowelstree.

The death-bell had scarcely ceased tolling, when the housekeeper, her eyes inflamed with weeping, quitted the Rectory house, and posted a letter, sealed with black. The superscription was in the handwriting of her deceased master.

"Sir Jasper Mansell, Bart., Banking House, Lombard street," said the post-mistress, reading it; "why, dear me! Mrs. Sparges, was our worthy curate related to him?"

"Only his brother," was the reply.

"Well, that is strange! My nephew lives coachman with Sir Jasper; folk say he is mortal rich."

"Very likely, very likely."

"I hope he will do something handsome for the boys; their father was too good and too charitable not to have died poor."

There are drones in every hive, and we could wish that many a purple priest, slumbering in his collegiate stall, would reflect over the curate's epitaph: "He was too charitable not to have died poor!"

CHAPTER II.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comfort grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in those bowers
Where winds, sometimes, our woods, perhaps, may shake;
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs ne'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Towards the close of the day, Farmer Mayfield, accompanied by his son, set forth to visit the orphan boys at the rectory house. If the former felt proud of the stalwart youth, upon whose arm he leant, Tom was equally so of his father. He knew the errand he was bent upon, for they had talked it over together, and, in his heart, he blessed his unostentatious benevolence. Never had the honest, sunburnt face, and thin, white hair of the old man struck his son with such veneration; and yet his parent had indulged him in not a few extravagances, and many pleasures. The horse Tom rode would not have disgraced Hyde Park, and his gun was a genuine Manton.

Harold insisted on conducting the farmer to the chamber of death himself, and if, at that moment, his sorrow could have admitted consolation, it would have been in the deep reverence with which Mr. Mayfield gazed on the remains of his friend and pastor.

"How peaceful he do look," he whispered; "may my end be like his! It be a precious thing, young gentleman," he added, "the memory of such a fayther. Did he name me to thee afore he died?"

"Yes."

"And told 'ee of the money?"

"Three hundred pounds placed in your hands for Harry's use and mine?"

"*It be nearer five*, Master Harold. His reverence forgot the interest, but I aint forgotten it. I be ready to count it to thee every penny. And now my heart be lighter. He knows," continued the speaker, gazing on the body, "that Frank Mayfield is true to the trust he placed in him."

"My dear father never doubted it," observed the youth; "he knew your honesty and kindly nature, and wished me in any emergency, to consult you."

"Did he?" exclaimed the farmer, deeply moved. "God bless him! God bless him! But it do sound wicked like to talk o' worldly matters afore him," he continued, "and yet they must be thought on. Let us go down into the parlor and speak together. I aint much gifted that way, so I brought Tom to help me."

With deeper reverence than they would have retired from the presence of a king, the speakers withdrew from the room, closing the door noiselessly after them.

"Father has told you, Master Harold," said young Mayfield, as soon as they were seated together, "about the money."

"He has," replied his friend. But why call me *Master Harold?* I like plain Harold best."

"I thought it more respectful," answered Tom, hesitatingly; "you are head of the family now. Besides, father and I came to—to——"

"Ay, that be it; come to the point," interrupted the farmer.

"To propose that you and Harry should come and live with us. There will soon be one of Squire Howard's farms vacant; it adjoins ours. Farming is not very difficult to learn. Five hundred pounds would stock it. Father will be answerable for the rent, and I will come and work with you, help you to manage it."

"And I shall be near 'ee," added the old man, "to superintend a bit, in a quiet way."

"Don't leave us," exclaimed Tom, seeing that Harold hesitated. "I could work, if you were with me—do anything, if you set me the example. The little good there is in me I owe to you and your good father's lessons."

"Wife wishes it, too," urged the old man. "Tom has been ten times more reasonable and steady-like sin' you and he made friends. She would ha' come herself, but it be churning-day. She do send her duty, though."

"He, to whose memory I am indebted for so much kindness," said Harold, "has spared me the pain of refusing your offers, by deciding for me. I am to enter the banking-house of my uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell."

Young Mayfield looked terribly blank at this intelligence.

"What! he the great Sir Jasper Mansell, who bought Lord Livermore's estates, thee uncle?"

"Yes."

"Why, he be rich, they say, o' millions."

"I have heard so."

"And yet he left his brother a poor curate at Lowelstree! Don't go to him, Master Harold, don't go to him; stay wi' the friends that love thee! his heart bean't i' the right place."

"I fear not," replied the youth, "and, were I to consult my wishes merely, I should avail myself of your generosity."

"Don't 'ee talk of generosity," interrupted the farmer.

"But I dare not. I am bound to accept my uncle's offer—doubly bound by my duty to the living, by my promise to the dead," he added, solemnly.

At this express declaration, young Mayfield felt terribly disappointed; he had looked forward to such a happy life at the farm, working with Harold.

"It bean't my fault, Tom," said his father, "I ha' done all in my power."

"More than I can ever repay," observed the object of their solicitude, taking a hand of each. "Our separation," he added, "may be only for a time. My rich uncle may forget the promise made to his poor brother, or I may not suit him; in either case, I shall return to Lowelstree."

At this hope, which, after all, was but a vague one, the countenance of Tom brightened.

"I hope he may," he exclaimed, "I hope he may."

Two days before the funeral, two strangers arrived at the rectory house—the elder, a neat, methodical-speaking man, with that peculiar appearance which long confinement in the counting-house, or the constant habit of following the same dull routine generally gives. It would have been difficult to tell his age—he might have been only forty-five, or he might have been sixty. Passion had left no traces in his features, happiness no smiles. As far as expression was concerned, his face was a perfect blank, and his mind had taken its tone from his pursuits. The name of this singular-looking person was John Ledger, for many years a confidential clerk in the banking-house of Mansell and Co.

His companion presented a marked contrast. On his countenance Nature had written, in unmistakable characters, the word "rascal." There was a sinister expression in the cold, gray eyes, and a drawing of the nether lip, that denoted, not only determination, but cruelty.

A mother would have hesitated ere she trusted her child in the hands of such a man. Harold thought so, and several times glanced at him, over the letter, which Mr. Ledger presented him.

The communication, the first he had ever received from his uncle, ran thus:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—I received yours of the 1st inst., informing me of the death of your excellent father. I need not say the intelligence has greatly shocked me; for, although brothers only on the father's side, I had a great regard for him. The bearer of this, Mr. Ledger, has received my instructions, and will see to the funeral, &c., &c. It is my wish it should be a handsome one. As soon as convenient, you will return with him to London, where your aunt, Lady Mansell, and cousins, will be happy to make your acquaintance. I shall, according to promise to deceased, at once make an opening for you in my counting-house.

"Your affectionate uncle, JASPER MANSELL."

"P. S.—Captain Riddle, who accompanies Mr. Ledger, will take charge of your cousin Harry. You need not trouble yourself about his outfit—Captain Riddle will see to that."

As he concluded reading this business-like, laconic epistle, the heart of Harold swelled with indignation; but he quickly controlled his emotion when he detected the cold, gray eyes of the captain watching him.

"Never," he mentally exclaimed, "never will I trust Harry with that man!"

"Something displeases you, youngster?" observed the fellow, in a sneering tone.

"Not so. I am only surprised at the arrangement for Harry. I don't think he will like the sea."

"Umph! few do, at first; but they take to it in time."

"I shall write to my uncle, and——"

"Too late," interrupted the man, "the bargain's struck."

"Bargain!" repeated Harold, indignantly.

"Sir Jasper has invoiced your cousin to this gentleman," meekly observed the clerk; "apprenticed him, I mean."

"Without consulting his inclinations?" demanded the former, bitterly.

"Bah!" said Riddle, "inclinations! He has no right to such things. I heard the land-shark, the lawyer, you know, tell Sir Jasper that he was his lawful guardian, and could do with him as he pleased."

"I am in no position to dispute my uncle's will," observed Harold.

"I should think not, youngster—I should think not!" replied the fellow.

Mr. John Ledger looked as if there was something nearly akin to bankruptcy—high treason, forgery, or some other dreadful crime—in supposing the possibility of such a thing. "Oppose the will of Sir Jasper Mansell! He questioned if the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange would venture on such a step.

"I must be off to-morrow," said the captain. "Where is the youngster? I should like to see him. One of my hard bargains, I suppose?"

"You can leave whenever you think proper, Mr. Riddle," observed Harold, firmly, "but my cousin does not quit Lowelstree till after my father's funeral. It is but a short respite," he added, "before separating from the friends who love him and the home of his childhood."

The ruffianly fellow muttered something about his time being valuable; then, turning suddenly short, demanded how he was to amuse himself in such a dog-hole as Lowelstree?

"Your own tastes will best suggest the means," answered the youth. "There is a tavern in the village."

"All right," said the ruffian. "When does the funeral take place?"

"In two days," answered our hero, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"On the third, then, I'll come for the youngster," replied Captain Riddle; "and mind, no excuses then!"

It was a great relief to Harold when the speaker quitted the house; he looked after him with an expression of intense disgust.

"A rough man," said John Ledger, "a very rough one, but highly respectable; your cousin will learn his duty under him; Sir Jasper places great confidence in Captain Riddle."

"Has my uncle known him long?"

"To my certain knowledge, above twenty years."

Before seeking Harry, to inform him of the arrival of such strange visitors, Harold wrote a hasty note to his friend Tom, asking him to come directly to the rectory.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ADRIFT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Farley had exercised a great deal of forbearance towards the girl; that must be admitted. But there was a limit to Mrs. Farley's patience, and this point had been reached.

"I won't put up with this any longer," she said, in the tone of a woman who was entirely in earnest. "There's no reason why the peace and order of my family should be disturbed for one not of my kith or kin. No obligation to keep her rests upon me—none in the world; and I'll just turn her adrift to take care of herself. She'll soon find the difference between a home and the kind of places to be picked up among strangers. The lesson will do her good."

Mrs. Farley's husband was her only auditor. The person against whom the lady complained so bitterly was a girl named Helen Bond. Two years before, a family had moved into the house adjoining Mr. Farley's. This family consisted of a father, a mother, and one daughter, the latter a girl in her seventeenth year. The name of this family was Bond. They had been living there for several months when noticed particularly by Mrs. Farley. What first attracted her attention was the gay dress and jaunty, assured air of the daughter, who went out almost every day, walking the street coquettishly, and in a manner calculated to win observation.

Next the mother was observed, though opportunities for seeing her were rare—a pale-faced, exhausted, unhappy looking woman, apparently without strength to bear the burdens which life had placed upon her shoulders. The husband and father next drew attention. His face was sensual, and marred by signs of excess and passion.

"He drinks," was the remark of Mr. Farley to his wife, on observing Bond pass the window one day. "I saw him in an omnibus yesterday so drunk that he could hardly sit up straight."

You have the case in a nutshell. A self-indulgent, dissipated, unprincipled father; a heart-broken, weak, compliant mother, and a vain, self-willed, half-educated, undisciplined daughter.

A year after the Bonds moved next door, the husband and father went off, it was said, to California, leaving his family in utter destitution. To sustain herself, Mrs. Bond sold one article of furniture after another, until scarcely enough for use and comfort remained. Still, the daughter made her appearance on the street almost every day, with dress and manners designed to attract attention. On nearly every fine afternoon you might have seen her, with step elastic and eye alert, moving along the fashionable promenade, the observed of too many observers.

All this was noticed by Mrs. Farley, and remarked upon.

"What can the mother of that girl be thinking about?" she would sometimes say. "Doesn't she know that dangers lie in the path her daughter is treading?"

And yet there was something in the face of Helen Bond that always interested Mrs. Farley, and something in her air and manner, jaunty though it was at times, that seemed easy and graceful, indicating native refinement.

"I pity her from my heart," she would sometimes say, "for no true happiness lies, I fear, at the end of the path her feet have taken."

One day Mrs. Farley was startled by an unusually loud ringing of the street door bell.

"Is Mrs. Farley at home?" she heard asked, a few moments afterwards, in a frightened tone of voice. Hurrying down stairs, she saw Helen Bond, with a face ashen pale.

"Oh, ma'am, won't you come in and see mother? I'm afraid she's dying!" cried the agitated girl.

Mrs. Farley did not hesitate for an instant. But she reached the bedside of her neighbor only in time to watch the last painful signs of dissolution. She passed away with her mournful eyes fixed lovingly but sadly on the face of her weeping child.

It often happens that circumstances out of our control bring duties to our hands which may not be avoided. So it was with Mrs. Farley in the present case. From Helen she learned that her mother had no relations, and that her father's friends, with whom the family did not hold intercourse, lived in Canada. The manner in which Helen appeared to lean upon and cling to her in this utter bereavement, touched the heart of Mrs. Farley, and she felt that she could do no less than offer her a temporary home, after the funeral was over, which was accordingly done.

Mrs. Farley soon discovered in the young, undisciplined girl many naturally good qualities, which might be turned to useful account in the family. This seemed to form the basis of a permanent home for Helen, who, in her bereavement and utter destitution, was glad to accept of any place of refuge.

Now came the trial for both. Any thoughtful reader will comprehend, on a moment's reflection, how utterly impossible it would be for a girl raised as Helen Bond had been—with false ideas of life, and pride, vanity, and love of ease and freedom fixed almost into habits, to fall easily and naturally into the ways and uses of a well-established household, where those who stood at the head ordered all things below them, and required a dutiful observance.

Of course, in taking Helen into her family, it was no part of Mrs. Farley's plan to leave her in the state of idleness and freedom that she had enjoyed while her mother was living. She must be usefully employed, and hold her position by the right of service. All this was taken for granted by Mrs. Farley, and assumed by her to be so self-evident a thing as not to require any special elucidation for Helen. And here was her error. She was a woman of few words in the way of precepts, but very prompt and resolute in action. She saw very clearly herself, and gave others credit for being equally clear-sighted, an error that often made her impatient and unjust. She ought to have talked very soberly and very calmly with Helen at the beginning, and led her thoughts in advance, so that judgment and a right estimate of the new life upon which she was entering, might be a light to her feet, and a monitress within her own soul.

But Mrs. Farley only assigned duties that were soon felt to be irksome, because right thoughts did not sustain Helen in them.

"That girl is a great trial," she soon began to say to her husband. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to make anything out of her. She is capable enough, but so self-willed and undisciplined. I've been sorry many times that I ever took her into the family."

Mr. Farley would merely shrug his shoulders, or answer, indifferently—

"She's pretty, and she knows it—that's the trouble. She's lived on the street so much, that she can't content herself in the house."

"Well, she's not going to live on the street while she's under my care!" or something of the kind, would be responded by Mrs. Farley, who had no real sympathy with Helen; because she had never thought of changing places with her in imagination, and going down into a realization of her wants, weaknesses, and mental habits. As well might the bird whose wings, since newly fledged, had borne it free in grove and meadow, find contentment in a narrow cage, as Helen Bond under her altered circumstances. She wanted, in this new relation, a wise, loving, patient mother, to teach, to lead and guide her in the better way, not an unsympathizing mistress, who simply required service, and grew hard towards her when it was not rendered dutifully.

There had been seven or eight months of inharmonious life under this new aspect of things, when Mrs. Farley made the declaration with which our story opens. Helen, who occupied a position in the family just above the grade of an ordinary domestic, had assumed of late a certain independence that was in no way agreeable to Mrs. Farley. She took the liberty of dressing herself and going out much more frequently than was approved by that lady, and under remonstrance answered sometimes with a pertness that aroused indignation against her. Of late, there had been an occasional evening call from a young man whose acquaintance she had made somewhere, and this proved another source of displeasure.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Farley, meeting Helen on the stairs, one afternoon, dressed to go out, and with more than usual attention to her appearance.

"To take a walk," was answered; "I haven't been out of the house this week."

Now, the last sentence was true.

"You should have asked if going out were agreeable to me," said Mrs. Farley, without any softening of the stern aspect she had assumed.

"I am not quite reduced to slavery," was the unguarded retort.

"Oh, well, go your ways, and to destruction, if you will!" And Mrs. Farley turned from the weak girl, angrily.

Helen went out, as she had designed; and Mr. Farley met her in Chestnut street, in company with a young man fashionably dressed, in whose face, taking it in a passing glance, he read no true moral record. It was on the occasion of mentioning, in a tone of dissatisfaction, this circumstance to his wife, that she had spoken as we have seen; and she was entirely in earnest. Helen had tried her beyond the point of endurance, and her mind was made up to part with her.

A brief but sharp passage at arms occurred between Mrs. Farley and Helen, when the latter returned home, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Farley said:

"And now, my young lady, I wish you to look out for another home. You cannot remain here; that is settled."

Mrs. Farley saw a sudden paleness on the face of Helen; but pride quickly flushed it again. The startled girl tried to assume a haughty air, and did so in a measure, answering:

"Very well, madam. It shall be as you say," and not waiting for another word, went quickly to her room, where she sobbed and cried bitterly for a long time.

"What is to become of her?" asked Mr. Farley, when he heard that this young girl, at the most critical period of her life, was to be cast adrift into the world, with no one to care for or guard her amid its thousand dangers.

"That is no concern of mine," answered Mrs. Farley. "I've done my part by her, and shall be conscience clear. She might have kept a good home in my house, if she had chose to conduct herself in a right manner. Let her try the difference. The lesson will be salutary."

Mr. Farley sighed. His thought was on the perils that would beset her way. But he did not offer to mediate between his wife and Helen. The girl was nothing to him; and of late the annoyances experienced by his wife on her account had affected him unpleasantly. Then, while she was in his family, a certain responsibility rested with them, and he felt that he would be easier in mind if it were removed. So, the argument that was in his thoughts, and which might have been used effectually, was not offered in Helen's favor.

The parting which took place a few days afterwards did not leave a very decided feeling of self-approval with Mrs. Farley. Helen had gone out frequently in order to find another home. In this she was left entirely to her own will, Mrs. Farley having ceased to manifest any right to control her movements. When she gave notice that she was ready to leave, the question came naturally as to where she was going.

"You've found another place," said Mrs. Farley.

"No, ma'am—not yet," was answered. The voice of Helen betrayed a doubting, half fearful heart.

"You haven't!" Cold surprise was in Mrs. Farley's tones, but no sympathy, no interest, no relenting quality. "Where are you going?"

"To stay with a friend until I can find another place. Maybe I'll learn a trade."

She stood for a few moments with a failing heart and half suffused eyes, looking into Mrs. Farley's face. A single kind word would have held her back, and kept her in that place of safety, a wiser girl, and a stronger one to resist the enemies that dwelt in her own bosom. She shrunk, shivering and in fear, upon the threshold over which she was about passing, lingering even for a word of invitation to stay; but no word came, and she went drifting out upon the sea of life, having neither chart nor compass, and certain almost of shipwreck.

"So much off my mind," came audibly from the lips of Mrs. Farley, and she drew a long breath of relief. But concern did not pass wholly from her mind. That was impossible. Mrs. Farley was not entirely lost to human sympathy; nor was conscience an idle slumberer in her bosom. She understood the meaning of the last troubled look that Helen threw back upon her as she went out; and knew, in her heart, that the motherless girl did not wish to leave her.

"She'll learn the difference between a true friend and outside people!" said Mrs. Farley, nursing her unkind feelings towards Helen, who had tried her severely, and feeling a certain pleasure in the fact that the misguided girl would prove the difference in sorrow to herself. Again, she said, in looking back over the trial-passages of the past few months:

"I shall never permit her to return. Nothing would tempt me to receive her into my family again. A happy riddance in every way."

Adrift, and without chart or compass! Poor child! How was it possible for Mrs. Farley to rest a moment in calm indifference? To her had been assigned the duty of guarding, guiding and saving an immortal soul; but, she lacked patience and forbearance—self-denial, and a right perception of the great responsibility which had, in providence, been laid upon her. She did not think of *her* duty to those in her household not of her own blood, but of *their* duty. They were to serve and minister; and the hire was to cancel all obligation on her side. What was Helen Bond to her more than any of the motherless creatures adrift in the world? She felt that, in giving her a home for so long a time, she had done even more than her duty; or, rather let us say, tried so to feel—for conscience would make, ever and anon, unwelcome suggestions, that troubled her peace of mind.

"I'm afraid that child's in danger!" said Mr. Farley, a few weeks after Helen went forth from his home. There was real concern in his voice.

"What of her?" asked his wife, a shadow crossing her face.

"I saw her on Chestnut street yesterday, and again to-day, in company with a young man with whom I would as soon think of trusting an innocent girl as a lamb with a wolf.

"Bad stock, I'm afraid," and Mrs. Farley knit her brows, and tried to assume a look of virtuous displeasure.

"Bad training most likely," answered Mr. Farley. "It never struck me that Helen was wrong at the heart. She is vain, weak, and fond of dress; but, innocent, I am sure."

"She'll not be innocent long, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Farley with some severity of manner.

"I've often been sorry you permitted her to go away," replied the husband. "To save a soul from evil is the highest work assigned to a human being; and I sometimes think, that, in sending this motherless girl in our way, Providence assigned to us that duty."

"I don't see it so," answered Mrs. Farley, not at all liking that view of the case. "I have my own children to care for, which is about as much as I can do."

But, for all this, the remark of her husband laid as a weight upon her feelings.

Time moved on. Helen, from the day she went out, in evident fear and reluctance, from the sheltering haven of Mr. Farley's household, never went back again. She was hurt in the separation. The cold, hard, unsympathizing spirit in which Mrs. Farley parted with her, chilled to an icy dislike the tearful softness of feeling that, could it have had free course, would have thrown her sobbing, repentant, and pleading upon her bosom. Her good angels wept as she went out over the threshold. She had made the acquaintance of a girl about her own age; but the companionship was not a safe one. Helen was really innocent, and pure minded—vanity, love of dress and admiration, were the dangerous defects in her character—but this person was naturally depraved. Helen had mentioned her break with Mrs. Farley, and the girl's prompt invitation to make her mother's house her home, until she could get into another place, was accepted. Hither went Helen on leaving Mrs. Farley; and here she made the acquaintance of several young men who were visitors. By one of these she was selected as a victim; and in her weakness, trust, and blindness, fell into the snares that were laid for her unwary feet. There was no one to watch over or give a word of warning. Alone, and adrift, the first strong wind threw her right among the breakers; and a fair bark went down amid the seething waters of sin and misery, and there was no hand of deliverance!

"I wonder what has become of Helen?" said Mrs. Farley, as she sat one evening, with a sleeping baby held against her bosom. There was a tone of interest, mingled with concern, in her voice. Nearly three months had passed since the girl went away. Mr. Farley had a newspaper in his hand, and his response was a sudden ejaculation of pain.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"It is all over with the poor girl!" A wave of anguish swept across the countenance of Mr. Farley.

"Who? What? You don't mean Helen?" The face of Mrs. Farley reflected that of her husband.

"I mean Helen," was his answer, speaking in a disturbed manner. "Poor unguarded child! We ought never to have cast her adrift."

"What of her, Mr. Farley?"

"She is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Yes; dead in disgrace and sin. Her way downwards has been swift."

Mrs. Farley groaned aloud.

"Here is the sad story." And her husband read from the paper in his hands how a beautiful young girl, named Helen Bond, had been found dead in a house of ill-repute, where she had been taken, and then deserted. A vial labelled "Sulphate of Morphia," indicated the means by which she had passed away. A few remarks as to her history were given, and the regret added that no one had felt sufficient interest in the motherless girl to throw around her the protection of a virtuous home.

Conscience, which had been unheeded, now lifted its voice aloud, and smote the ears of Mrs. Farley with words so full of stern accusation, that her heart shook, and fear united in her soul with pain. She felt that guilt lay at her door, and the stain of blood upon her garments. Ah, how vividly came back the face of Helen as she went out from the home in which she had found a refuge, agitated and full of grief and fear. It seemed to Mrs. Farley that a shadow of coming evil must have been cast there upon the girl's heart, filling it with dismay.

"God forgive me if I did wrong in this thing!" she said, in a troubled voice, speaking rather to herself than for the ears of her husband.

"It is too late for regrets now. The work is done," was his answer.

And then silence fell upon their lips, and they sat brooding over poor Helen's unhappy fate, with the burden of a great responsibility resting painfully on their souls.

But, as Mr. Farley had said, it was too late for regrets. The work was done; and there was no repentance in the grave.

SCHEME OF CREATION.

Every being exists not only for himself, but forms necessarily a portion of a great whole, of which the plan and the idea go infinitely beyond it, and in which it is destined to play a part. It is thus that inorganic nature exists not only for itself, but to serve as a basis for the life of the plant and the animal; and in their service it performs functions of a kind greatly superior to those assigned to it by the laws which are purely physical and chemical. In the same manner all nature, our globe, admirable as is its arrangement, is not the final end of creation; but it is the condition of the existence of man. It serves as an instrument by which his education is accomplished, and performs in his service functions more exalted and more noble than its own nature, and for which it was made. It is, then, the superior being that solicits, so to speak, the creation of the inferior being, and associates it to his own functions; and it is correct to say that inorganic nature is made for organized nature, and the whole globe for man, as both are made for God, the origin and end of all things.

STATISTICS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—It has been ascertained that during the last year five hundred and forty young ladies fainted away on various occasions. More than two hundred of them fell into the arms of young gentlemen; forty were caught by their aunts and grandmothers; and only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor; she, however, picked out a soft place to fall upon, and was providentially received by an otto-*man*.

REPOSE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Rest! Rest!
See you not that the lake
No longer keeps awake?
See you not that the moon goes nodding through
The cloudy valleys of the vapory Blue?
Feel you not that a prayer for sleep
Breathes from each wearied Wind and tempest-troubled
Deep?

II.

Rest! Rest!
What though a bravery on great action glows?—
There is a grandeur in well-earned repose;
Repose by noble Labor won
At silent setting of the drowsy Sun?
Repose that warriors earn
Where Battle's red eyes burn
When Freedom her smote flag displays;
Repose that poets gain
After a long and world-entrancing strain
That gives to voice once more the glory of old days.

III.

Rest! Rest!
The wind at last is slumbering on the tree;
The great waves swoon with weariness on the sea;
The delicate flowers are curled
Into Elysian sleep.
And Silence, sacred, soft and deep,
Folds gently all the sky and broods o'er all the world!

◆

SOME MEMORIES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"Oh it's hame, dearie, hame, it's hame I fain wad be;
Hame, dearie, hame, to my ain countrie."

Did you ever watch a wood fire in the process of lighting, and mark how the red flame curls upward, pale and timid at first, darting a serpent like head here and there, to find an opening, but climbing at last, more boldly, catching by one stick, and hanging to the knot of another, till it reaches the top, and bursting through the smoke, breaks out into a broad blaze, while the dry wood snaps and the green wood hisses and bubbles in its passsionate clasp? Even so, as I sit in the gray dawn of this morning, with candle and fire shining beside me, and the house all still, does Memory leap and waver in my heart, and clinging at last to one of the earliest, smoothest points among the half extinguished embers, fan it with her breath till it glows and lives again, and the whole dull heart grows warm.

"Some memories" of some early days of mine, that now move me to a hearty burst of laughter, and now moisten my eyes with something—can they be tears? Memories of times, which were not, perhaps, any better than the present, but which look inconceivably so, viewed from this distance. The pastures of our childhood are ever green—the gardens where we played forever fair. Will any one tell me that a home was ever half so comfortable and cosy—half so full of convenient play-places, and nooks for ghosts—half so well stored with queer old books, and musty treasures of another century, as the cream colored house under the maples, where my first years were spent? Was there ever such a garden? Show me such rows of currant bushes, such beds of cucumbers, such hills of corn and potatoes—such a waving forest of asparagus, and such a garden well beneath its shade. The counterpart of the grass plat, that sloped down from the bed of roses beneath my aunt's window, to the currant bushes, and their body guard of sunflowers and hollyhocks, has never met my eyes—nay I have not seen such roses since, nor inhaled their rich fragrance as I used to do when I sat beneath them in my little wooden chair. I have dwelt in many a pleasant place since then—sometimes where the linden tree of Germany blossomed above my head, sometimes under the shadows of English oaks, sometimes, as now, beneath the hills of Wales; (so like America!) but oh I have always missed the graceful American larch that rose above the very roof of my first home, and the mountain ash trees where the birds used to come to eat the berries—and I think the syringa never blossomed so sweet and fair in any other garden—no wildwood music was half so sweet as the rustle of the maples, as they thrust their green arms through my open chamber window, and kept a perpetual dance of sunshine and shadow on the floor. There was a little "entry" in the rear of the house, that looked out upon all these wonders—an entry leading into a summer dining room upon the left, and out into the garden by two stone steps; whose walls were stained and whose door was kept from shutting by a square block of marble not unlike a miniature tomb stone, that actually had some initials on it, and a date—"L. M. C., 1835." It had been part and parcel of the playthings of the children of the house; but she whose peculiar property it was, had grown up and married, and it had come to this "base use" at last. I used to stand in that old door on sunny afternoons after school, with my books thrown down upon the marble, and my sunbonnet dangling on one string from my forefinger, and look at the garden, with the leaning "paint shop" at the bottom, and the meadows, the hills beyond, with the blue Queechee between them, and wonder in my childish ignorance if any other place on earth was half so fair. Twelve other years have been added to the twelve I counted then, and I am wondering with the self-same wonder still, whether all the lovely countries I have seen, hold one nook of ground which could surpass that view at Woodstock, of Mt. Tom—the Queechee—and "Sunnyside."

Then there were the stables leading out of the garden close beside the asparagus bed and the well, where a patient-faced cow was domiciled with the "cunningest" little red calf imaginable, with a white spot on its forehead and breast. My head was scarcely on a level with the half-door that enclosed these treasures, yet I used to stand on tip-toe an hour at a time to gaze at them, till the little calf would come to meet me, and the cow would take a bit of bread from my hand, and lick it with her rough tongue afterwards. It was a proud moment when she first took it into her head to pay me the honor, and though she left her mark, and nearly flayed that useful member, I was not weary of exhibiting it, till the last vestige wore away. The next stall to hers was vacant—but the second one held "Old Dolly," my grandfather's horse, who was at once the pride and the terror of my life. She was a huge, raw-boned quadruped, with a jolting gait that kept me, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, when I was rash enough to try to ride her. Her will and her temper were like flint and steel; sparks flew in all directions when they were roused, and no one, not even my grandfather, could manage or subdue her. Good, easy man—he used to sit bolt upright in his red and blue wagon, with his whip over his shoulder, while Dolly ran races with everything that tried to pass her, or whisked over heaps of stones by the roadside, or crawled up the hills at a snail's pace, as she pleased. The old man and the old steed had been younger together—I think that was the secret—for he cared for her as if she had been the apple of his eye, and she loved him in spite of all her freaks of humor. The hand of his dead wife had fondled and fed her—she had been the playmate and pet of his children, and never crabbed with them as with others—she had borne him in the sad processions that followed those dear ones to their graves—it was no wonder he was so attached to her. But the red and blue wagon has fallen to pieces now, and is stowed away in the carriage-house, together with an old chaise in which we used to take many a pleasant ride. Dolly's whims and humors are ended, and she lies quietly enough, not far from her stable-yard—and as for the white-haired, cheerful old man, I saw the sods broken long ago that hid him from our sight, and gave him back to those who had loved him earlier and better than we.

There was a garret, as a matter of course, in the old house, and any lover of "sky-parlors," would have been delighted with the place. There were great chests ranged around the walls, from which, on rainy days, we fished wooden-jointed dolls, dilapidated sets of tea-things, broken hoops, and swords, and guns, without number—a worn out side-saddle hung creaking by one stirrup from the very centre of the room—barrels of old papers filled the corners, queer garments dangled from pegs on either side, and last, though not least, a drum, unbraced and dismally out of tune, stood under the one window, with its drum-sticks lying on its head. Boards standing on end hid the dark corners under the eaves from our prying eyes—but it needed only a stray beam of light falling through a knot-hole to send us all scurrying down the stairs in the firm belief that we had seen a ghost. And those stairs, how grimly they yawned in the centre of the floor, like a trap, so that a head and shoulders appearing upon them, were almost as unreal and as frightful as the sight of the ghost in Hamlet.

It was here that we used to practice theatricals—here that I won such praise when, in the character of Sir William Wallace, I charged upon my foes, broadsword in hand, and drove them ingloriously down the stairs, and forced them to take sanctuary in the square bed-room at the foot. Here, too, that I used to enact Richard III. with a pillow stuffed in the back of my tunic apron, and a crown of pasteboard on my youthful brow—here that I went to the block in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, and set all my youthful auditors blubbering by the pathos of my farewell. Now and then, in our military career, we pressed the drum into service, but my guardian so emphatically forbade "that heathenish noise" that we had to content ourselves with a little toy that served for trumpet, fife and bugle, all in one. I even began to write a tragedy in five acts, but met with little more success than Miss Bremer's "Petria," who, writing the story of two lovers, established them in a paradise of a cottage, where they had, (I believe,) "eight children in two years," and were happy accordingly. The characters in my tragedy, unfortunately, were all killed during the first act, and the remaining four were consequently abolished.

The garret contained a swing, which was the pride of the neighborhood. No other house had so good a one, and the children flocked in droves to try it, on the first rainy day that kept them from school. I have heard of a boy who said his highest idea of human happiness was to be President of the United States, and swing on a gate with his mouth full of molasses candy all the day long. As far as the swinging goes, I agree with him, for I knew nothing more delightful then, and I can remember nothing more delightful now, than the hours I have passed in that easy-cushioned seat, resting my feet upon the floor, and swaying gently to and fro, while I read from the book in my lap the wonderful story of the White Cat, or the adventures of Riquet with the Tuft, and the tale of the bean that supported Jack the Giant-Killer, which was in some way connected, I firmly believed, with the scarlet runners that turned round the poles in our own garden.

There were other places in the house equally full of interest, though not exactly of the same kind. The "wood-house chamber" and the shed beneath, where we used to play at ball, or with our skipping-ropes, and where the great red "hand-sled" was stowed till Thanksgiving and Christmas, and the time for sliding down hill came round. I have a memory of a dead sister connected with this place, and never remember it that I do not see her standing by the window cutting chairs and tables out of potato pairings, (an art in which she peculiarly excelled,) while I, a round-faced school-girl of eight years, look on in awe-struck silence, and wonder if it is going to boarding-school that makes Hannah so clever? I think of her in connection with other rooms, too. "The girls' chamber," where the shadows of the maples dance upon the floor, for it was there she died; the "parlor chamber," with its heavy furniture, and the mysterious closet in the wall, for she lay there in her coffin, and the little bed-room where she used to sleep, and where her name is carved so often by her own tasteful hand. These are almost the only memories I have of one who, dying in her fifteenth year, had given promise of great things—a glorious soul, taken in its purity and the first flush of its triumph, to serve its Maker in a better home.

Let me not forget the family parlor, whose windows were touched by the blossoms of the syringa, and brushed by the yellow wings of the little birds that dwelt in the stately tamarac beside the fence. It was a quiet little room, whose furniture was simple, and whose carpet looked as if some careless child had stumbled upon it, and lost the flowers from the basket in his hand. A few good pictures on the walls; a few well selected books; the piano in its recess; the centre-table drawn up before the fire, with the family group disposed around it, in the easiest of easy chairs, reading, sewing, or laughing and talking together; how well I remember the faces and voices—nay, even the tones and words themselves! It was here that, seated at a round table at the farther end of the room, I used to read those awful ghost stories I was not courageous enough to peruse elsewhere—stories that make my blood run cold, even now, when I recall them in this lonely room of mine. Now and then a knock came at the street door, and friends or relatives came in to swell the group; the fire was stirred, the chairs drawn closer, and the work laid aside for lively gossip on the village news. Meanwhile in my chosen corner I looked on and mused—happier out of the merry ring, yet also happier because the ring was there. How little I thought in those evenings, as I leaned my head upon my hand and let my thoughts wander dreamily from the home scene to lands beyond the sea, that long before my youth passed away I should follow those thoughts, and enter the familiar rooms no more. How little I dreamed of the yearning, far worse than pain, that would thrill my heart to its very centre at the memory of all that passed before me then unheeded, yet for which I would now give many a treasure if it could but transpire once more.

The ministering spirit of this home was, as far as I was concerned, my cousin Laura. I think she had the most beautiful face I ever saw, though like "like Lady Hermoine," she was pale as death. But her auburn hair and auburn eyes—for they were both of the same rich deep shade; her regular features, and the inexplicable melancholy that was stamped upon them, fed my passion for the mysterious and romantic, while her kindness won my childish heart. Dear memories of happy days, you cling most fondly about that slender figure, after all. If I came home from school roaring at a failure in class, or a quarrel with a playmate, it was Laura who met and soothed me in all the accidents and "breakages" to which childhood is subject; no hand but hers could ever bind up my wounds. We were "a pair of friends," though years lay between us; we both loved the same books, thought the same thoughts, and avoided the same things. Her rooms, owing to her extremely delicate health, were on the ground floor, apart from the others, and consisted of a long, narrow bedroom, and a kind of closet opening out of it, and filled with books, where one might sit and read in security, provided they burned a lamp the while. What induced her to select these, when other apartments in the house were so much more ample, I do not know; and yet I could hardly imagine her in any other. She led a life as quiet as that of a nun, and as retired; and the little dusky closet, and the neat bedroom with the sweet briers and the woodbine at the window, seemed almost a creation of her own, so exactly did they suit her character and appearance. Within the closet was a clumsy desk-bookcase, unreasonably high, and with shelves, and drawers, and pigeon-holes in all directions. As a special favor I was sometimes allowed to climb the steps beside it, and rummage to my heart's content. From those folding-doors came forth the marble covered volumes of Frederika Bremer, the "solitary horsemen" of G. P. R. James, Jane Porter's stories, and the fairy papers of "Boz." I used to prosecute my search in trembling spirit, for the least inadvertent movement was sure to bring the contents of the overloaded shelves in a shower upon my head, and then I was dismissed in disgrace. I can recall, at this moment, the careful nervousness with which I withdrew some volume, and the thrill of joy that pervaded my whole frame if I found it new and apparently interesting. The dear old marble covers—my heart warms to them still. They are always what children call "good" books; I never met with a stupid one in my life; and if I live to possess a library of my own, each volume shall wear the homely speckled suit, with a triangular dash of calfskin at the edges.

Getting into my cousin's apartments was to me like entering an enchanted castle. She was fond of retirement, and no one in the house had the freedom of her little kingdom like me. If my knock at the outer door was answered, the dark library had to be traversed, and the ghost remembered that sat in the great carved chair in the corner. Then, as the inner room was gained, how different it was from the light, matter-of-fact chambers in the rest of the house. The narrow iron bed in the corner, the cool stone floor, the delicate sea-green tint of the walls, and the gauzy curtains at the open window—the sweet scent of the brier rose, and the fragrance of the flowers on their stand; the books, the pictures, the antique chairs, and the great cedar press—it was like a page out of some old romance, and the pale face, and deep dark eyes, that turned towards me were such as you would expect to find in the mysterious place. There were shells and minerals lying around—there were comical China monstrosities on the toilet-table—but I think the greatest wonder of all was the cedar press. I stood, during this last May, beneath a cedar tree, planted by the Duke of Marlborough, in the park of Blenheim Palace, not ten feet beyond fair Rosamond's well; and as I leaned against the massy trunk, and thought of the lovely woman whose history is so imperishably connected with those grounds, a faint familiar perfume filled the air, and in an instant the scene changed, and I saw no longer the gushing spring, the river with its swans, the deer that grazed around me, or the palace beyond the bridge—but I was at home once more, in the bedroom with its rose-covered window, inhaling the same perfume, and begging my cousin to let me open all the drawers, that it might be stronger, while, at the same time, I examined their contents. But she would not. The only battles we ever fought were over this mysterious press, (I do not know what was in it to this day, but I wish I did,) and a certain portrait of hers, which was equally mysterious. It had been painted by a good artist in her schoolgirl days, and had hung for years in the family hall. Suddenly it disappeared, and no one ever found a trace of it afterwards. My cousin Laura knew more of its fate than any one, but she only smiled when I teased her about it, and refused to answer my questions. I searched the chambers and closets, I asked the family and the servants, I rummaged the garret as far as I dared to explore its dark corners, and begged and prayed Laura to tell me where it was—but the same provoking smile always silenced me. At one time I nearly threw myself into a fever through sheer vexation, and that picture, which I have never seen, haunts me so to this day, that I would gladly return to my native country tomorrow if I thought I could get but one glimpse of it, or even have the satisfaction of being told where it went to.

But I shall never have that pleasure. The picture, with many another mystery of my early days, must remain, according to the child's definition, "in the miz." I shall not know what was behind the eaves in the old garret, nor if the stains in the closet down stairs were stains of blood, as I used to imagine them, or only places where the damp came through—nor who spirited away the missing volume of Sir Charles Grandison, for which I got punished—nor why I was always selected at school to bear the burden of every one's mischief in addition to my own, which was no light weight. These things have passed, and their voices are hushed forever. And the old home, the old joys, the old sorrows have gone with them, and vanish in the distance, like the garden of Irem, which, once deserted, faded from the deserter's eye forever. His grief, his tears were unavailing, and though he wandered about the spot for ages, not one glimpse of the paradise was vouchsafed him—not one strain of its delicious music fell upon his ear. So I, wandering around the lost home of my youth, find it cold and silent, and catch but a transient glimpse of its hills and glens, and hear no more its household voices—but turn my face again to the rugged way of life—an up-hill journey, graced by no "brier-rose," but plentifully bestrewed with cruel thorns!

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MY REVENGE.

BY A STEP-DAUGHTER.

I heartily disliked my step-mother. I had almost adored my lost mother, and her memory was now enshrined in my heart with all the tenderest devotion, the purest reverence with which passionate natures like mine worship their lost saints.

I had grown to womanhood before she died. The child's love had been united with the woman's appreciative admiration for a character and person singularly harmonious, graceful and good.

I would not see that my father possessed the undoubted right to bring another mistress to his home, to take another wife to his bosom. I would not see that she whom I hated had committed no wrong against me in loving the man my dead mother had loved, nor yet in fulfilling, wisely and cheerfully, all the duties of her new station, and in winning, by tender care and scrupulous justice, the affection and respect of the children of her husband. My prejudices were stronger than reason or observation. She was my step-mother; the hated word summed up all causes of contempt and anger.

I could have acknowledged her a true and noble woman, at the head of another family. As a neighbor, I could have sought her society and accorded her my admiration, perhaps my love. But in my own home, with that hateful title forever a barrier between us, I scorned all her advances, misinterpreted all her actions, and sought not to understand her character or motives.

My step-mother had one only brother, her nearest of kin, her all before the newer artificial ties of her present life had been formed; for they two were orphans, and had been from an early age. He was younger than she by a year, and I knew she loved him with that mingled love often felt by elder sisters in similar circumstances, compounded of the maternal and the sororal sympathies and activities—a love than which there certainly is but one on earth stronger or more self-sacrificing. I had not thought to strike her through this love until Guy Somers came to pay his first visit to our home.

But no sooner had I met and been introduced to him than a project unwomanly and fiendish took form in my thoughts.

His was a most yielding nature, so far as the softer emotions of the human heart are concerned. He had been an invalid all his more youthful days, and lived much among women. He had the quiet home-ways of the sex, shrunk from all manly sports, loved birds, and flowers, and pets of all kinds, was a student of poetry and the higher range of fiction; and, though for some years he had been pursuing a learned profession with distinguished success, had lost none of these early tastes.

Overlooking his latent strength of character, I dared to despise Guy Somers, and my contempt grew daily, as daily I saw him yielding more and more to my fascinations.

My father and my step-mother smiled approval. Their dearest wishes would have been met by a marriage between Guy and myself. My step-mother was too generous not to forgive all the unhappiness I had caused her, when she saw that I was making her beloved brother happy. And, besides, I was no longer a black shadow in the domestic horizon, but kind, graceful and polished in manner, was doing all in my power for the general happiness.

Guy left without making a declaration of love, but I saw that his chains were riveted, and I knew my letters would weld them strongly. It was six months before I saw him again. I had yielded to the charm of those rare epistles. I knew now that Guy Somers was greatly my superior in all mental gifts, and was not less assured of his high principle, his moral bravery. Insensibly I had learned to admire, even to love him, but was not the less resolved to persevere in my plot to the bitter end.

And so, though my heart died within me, and I knew that I spoke the words of my own doom, I coldly assured him that his relationship to my step-mother was the sole bond that united him to me. He could be a friend, connection, but nothing more.

They waited within to congratulate us, as this fateful conversation took place upon the lawn on the summer evening of his return. They waited in vain, however. I stole in at the offices and went to my room; while Guy wandered away by the river-side, and returned at midnight, haggard, exhausted, and drenched with the unwholesome dews. Next morning he saw his sister a few moments at sunrise, and, before the family assembled at breakfast, was miles upon his way toward the city where he had his home.

I know not whether his sister then fully understood my plan, but I think the triumph with which I vailed my own pangs of sorrow and despair, partly enlightened her. An icy coldness grew up between us, and even my father punished me with his grave disapproval. I was very unhappy.

Soon news came that Guy was ill—worse—worse—that he was sick unto death, and his sister hastened to bring him home to die. I was forced to remain during her absence, but I gave notice that I should leave before her return, and go, as I bitterly said, "where I need be no longer the helpless victim of suspicion and injustice." I was going, however, because I dared not stay and witness the death agonies of the man I loved.

But, on the day preceding that fixed for her coming, my father was brought home, mangled and lifeless to all appearance, from some terrible accident. I could not leave him, I had no thought of leaving then. All my filial affection blazed up again. I took my place by his couch, and, in the terrible anxieties of those hours of suspense, almost forgot the sorrowful and sinful passage of the years that had intervened since his marriage.

My father was better, at last. He would live, the physicians said, and then I had time to inquire for the other invalid. In him life, the vital powers almost exhausted by his journey and return to the scene of his disappointment, hung but on the slenderest thread. And so, while I nursed my father, daily recovering as by a miracle from his hurts, amidst my joy for one came the hourly recurrence of the dread and terror for that other beloved one, never so loved as now.

No longer had I triumph in the sorrow I had caused. I had stood in the very presence of the Destroyer, in his most hideous form, and therein had my eyes been opened to see the sinfulness of my course. I had no thought, even now, that I could do aught to save Guy. I was all unworthy to approach him, though the longing to minister to him, to look again upon his face, led me often, in the still midnight, to steal to his door, and listen for the faint sounds of life within, as if my own existence hung upon them. Yet I never crossed his threshold. I should have looked to have been hunted thence with angry scorn. I moved in a horrible dream. I felt reason succumbing beneath this fearful pressure. It came at length—delirium, mortal weakness—utter unconsciousness!

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I woke at last. Like one coming to life, I opened my eyes as upon a new world. I saw first the trees waving before an open window, then objects in a lofty room, familiar yet unfamiliar. I turned my glance—it rested upon the sweet, pale face of my step-mother.

"Where am I?" I asked, faintly.

"In the garden-room, dear," she answered, coming to my side, with a soft gliding movement, and laying a soothing touch upon my hand. I slept again, and woke as the purple sunset hues were stealing in, to find myself, as I thought, alone. I lay still, enjoying the sensation of returning life, for a long time, but the instant I moved a form crossed my vision, a thin, spectral form, that looked ghostly indeed in the waning light. I knew the voice that said:

"Are you awake, Eleanor, dear?" and the touch of that hand on my own shot a thrill of life and strength into every vein.

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I suppose I had told all—cleared my bosom of its "perilous stuff" in my long delirium. At any rate, I was never permitted to make any explanations, but was so loved and petted, that thenceforth I became as good as I was happy. We were a ghostly pair of lovers, Guy and I, but my father and his dear Grace soon nursed us into strength and rosiness. Then we had a wedding one still, solemn autumn day, and I have been too entirely happy ever since to plot another scheme of revenge. I can never be too grateful to an over-ruling Providence, that the wicked one I have here confessed was not permitted to prosper.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

We can hardly understand what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Past, to entice and fascinate the soul of a young man. It seems like falling in love with one's grandmother.

In the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of gladness, and a thousand mingling emotions, the pulsations of some melancholy chord of the heart, touched by an invisible hand, are distinctly audible.

There is a great deal of absurd reasoning. Some logicians will tell you that, if a dog with four legs can catch a dozen rabbits a day, a dog with only two can catch half a dozen.

The world goes ever on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely that he seems no longer wanted.

A kitchen, a cellar, a bar, and a bed-room; these are the whole of some men, the only apartments in their soul-house.

Of all the lights kindled on a Christian's face, Joy will reach farthest out to sea, where troubled mariners are seeking the shore.

Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what men were called fools for asserting in the age before.

If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, misfortune will readily do it for us.

If you have a heart of rock, let it be the rock of Horeb that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next, marriage. So, give your first thought to Heaven, the next to your wife.

Every poet is supposed to have a sweetheart, but, as a general rule, he isn't as often beside her as he is beside himself.

The sword of the spirit, if properly tempered, can neither be broken nor blunted in the warfare of three-score years and ten.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily inhale from it what is either healthful or infectious.

The rime upon the leaves of the autumn trees is generally more beautiful than the rhyme upon the leaves of books.

If a man is laid up with a pair of broken legs, he can be reconciled to being idle himself if he knows that his legs are knitting.

If a man is contented with what he has done, he has lain down to die. The grass is already growing over him.

The talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

Thought is the father of words, but many a great and noble thought dies childless.

Large men are less quarrelsome than little ones. The largest of all oceans is Pacific.

A public speaker, like a hunting-dog, should give careful attention to his points.

Unless you wish to be under a cloud, don't attack a bee-hive.

Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

The more ill a man's luck is, the less likely it is to die.

The conscience of man is God's court-room, where Sin is the prosecutor.

A man may incur greater peril in crossing his wife than Cæsar did in crossing the Rubicon.

A young fellow, however peacefully disposed, might like to sleigh a belle every winter night.

The public speaker, who makes none of his hearers uncomfortable, speaks to no good purpose.

We often promise according to our hopes and perform according to our fears.

A good purpose is always answered when any property passes from unfit hands to fit ones.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A well-dressed woman was detected one day recently in an attempt to pick the pocket of a lady who was shopping at one of the leading dry-goods stores in the city. The light-fingered fair one was taken before a justice, and while undergoing an examination her husband was brought in on a charge of having picked a lady's pocket in an omnibus. The unhappy pair were committed for trial.

A seedy-looking man broke into a grocery store in Greenwich street one night not long since, and stole twenty dozen eggs. He was caught, and on being examined before a justice, said that he wanted a new suit of clothes, and having read in a newspaper that there would probably be a rise in the price of eggs, he thought he would secure a good lot, and "hold on for the rise."

A man who was standing on the Hudson River railroad track, at the foot of Seventieth streeet, one day lately, watching the progress of a quarrel between a couple of men at a little distance, was run over by a locomotive, one of his legs being horribly crushed and the other badly fractured.

A boy four and a half years old was run over in Forty-fourth street one day recently, by a beer wagon, and injured so severely that he died in a few hours. The driver of the wagon, after driving over the poor child, whipped up his horses and attempted to escape, but was pursued, arrested, and held to trial for manslaughter.

A woman who had been employed as nurse for a sick young lady, robbed the invalid of three trunks full of costly wearing apparel, jewelry, laces, &c., and carried them off as her charge lay dying, but being suspected, the inhuman thief was watched, detected, arrested and sent to prison.

Two young girls, living in a neighboring city, recently ran away and went to Washington, to act as vivandieres in one of the regiments stationed there; but the father of one of the romantic truants went thither and brought them both back.

A boy twelve years old, who was perched upon one of the Park gates the other afternoon looking at the military, slipped from his seat, and falling upon one of the iron pickets of the fence, was injured so badly it was feared that he could not survive.

John Maher and Michael O'Halloran got into a fight in South street, one evening a short time since, when O'Halloran was beaten so badly that he died a few days afterwards, whereupon Maher was arrested and committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

A young man of a previously irreproachable character, was arrested, a few days since, on a charge of having collected bills due to his employer, and spending the money. He made no defence, and was sent to prison to await his trial.

A handsome young English girl, about nineteen years of age, attempted to commit suicide by jumping into the river off the Battery one evening recently, but she was rescued and taken care of.

A little boy, three years old, recently fell from the second-story window of his parents' residence in the Ninth Avenue, and was injured so badly that he died in a few hours.

A patient at Bellevue Hospital, who was under treatment for consumption, recently fell from one of the verandahs to the ground, and was fatally injured, surviving but a few hours.

The recorder of Jersey City reports that during thirty days no less than one hundred and twenty-five persons were brought before him on criminal charges.

A young German woman, living in Rivington street, was very dangerously burnt about the face, neck, and shoulders one morning recently, by her clothes taking fire at a cooking stove.

As a man was crossing the Battery one evening recently, he was shot in the leg by some unknown person, and injured so badly that the limb had to be amputated.

John Burk, living in First street, Williamsburg, was recently drowned in the river at the foot of North Ninth street, in that city. No clue could be obtained as to the cause of his being in the river.

A lady residing in Classon Avenue, East Brooklyn, was injured so severely one evening recently by the explosion of a fluid lamp, that her life was despaired of.

John G. Saxe has changed his residence from Burlington, Vt., to Albany, N. Y. Success to him.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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HOW OLD HICKORY IMPRISONED THE JUDGE.

Soon after General Jackson arrived in New Orleans, in the latter part of the year 1814, he placed that city, and the whole district within his lines, under martial law. This was considered a wise, and even a *necessary* precaution, and was zealously submitted to by the *patriotic* portion of the population. After the great battle of the 8th of January, 1815, in which the British were so totally routed, the malcontents in the city began to murmur at the maintenance of martial law, declaring that as the British had fled, and there was no danger from any foe, the continuance of the military *régime* was downright tyranny. Old Hickory paid no attention to these murmurs, but went on his iron way, with an eye single to the safety of his country. But soon news came, vague and unauthentic, that *peace* had been declared, and then the murmurs of the malcontents became frequent and loud. The French portion of the population were especially clamorous, and finally they began to get certificates of *French citizenship* from the French consul, hoping thereby to be able to set Old Hickory at defiance. But they mistook their man. As soon as the old hero learned what they were about, he ordered them *and their consul* to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to come nearer than 120 miles to the city until peace should be officially announced. He at the same time took judicious notice of the *rumors* of peace, and hinting that they might have been circulated by the enemy for the purpose of throwing him off his guard, he assured his army and the inhabitants that the fruits of their glorious victory should not be snatched from them by reason of any lack of vigilance on his part, and that, until he received *official notification from his government* that peace had been declared, he should maintain within his lines the most inflexible discipline.

This proclamation produced a prodigious excitement. A Frenchman named Louailler, who was a member of the legislature, published in one of the city papers a defiant commentary upon it, and declared, in substance, that the French citizens would not obey such a tyrannical order. The General at once had the editor of the paper brought before him, and demanded the name of the author of the "*mutinous* article." The editor gave the author's name; and a few minutes afterwards, Louailler was tapped on the shoulder, as he was promenading the street, by a sergeant at the head of a file of soldiers, and informed that he was "my prisoner." He protested against the arrest, engaged a lawyer on the spot, named Morill, to take charge of his case, and was marched off to prison. Morill at once applied to the U. S. Judge, named Dominick Hall, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Judge granted the writ; but when the official went to serve it on the General, he seized it, kept possession of it "as evidence against the Judge," gave the officer a certified copy, and at once issued an order for the "arrest of Dominick Hall, on a charge of *aiding to excite mutiny in the camp*." "Be careful to permit no escapes," wrote the General to the officer detailed to arrest the Judge, "*as the emissaries of the enemy are more numerous than we suspected.*" Rather a hard hit, that, for the United States Judge. Old Hickory's pen was sometimes sharper than his sword.

Judge Hall was speedily arrested, and imprisoned along with his friend Louailler, where they could talk over the matter at their leisure. But in a short time, the General had the Judge escorted beyond his lines, and set at liberty, with a command not to come within the lines again until peace should be officially declared. Not long afterwards peace *was* officially declared, and then the General, in an eloquent and heart-stirring proclamation, disbanded his heroic army, permitted the civil power to resume its legitimate sway, and released all prisoners confined for disobedience to military orders.

Judge Hall returned to the city and determined to have his revenge. He soon had the General served with an order to show cause why he should not be attached for contempt of court, &c., &c. On the day of the return, the General, in citizen's dress, and accompanied by the renowned Edward Livingston as his counsel, went to the court-room, which was packed with an eager multitude, anxious to get a glimpse of the "old hero." As soon as his tall and majestic form was seen, the audience burst into such a tempest of enthusiasm that the Judge, not knowing what the excited throng might do, gave orders to adjourn the court. But the General entertained different views. Springing upon a seat, he waved his arm, and at once a silence as of the grave pervaded the hushed multitude. Then, in a few words, he reminded the audience where they were, and besought every man who was *a friend to him* to behave with the decorum due to the place and the occasion. Then turning to the scared Judge, he said, "*The same arm that protected this city from the invader will also protect this court in the discharge of its duty, or perish in the attempt.*" So, *under the protection of the General*, the court went on.

The Judge refused, on technical grounds, to hear Livingston's argument in favor of the General's course, and ordered the attachment to issue. On the return day of the attachment, the Judge propounded nineteen interrogatories, which the General declined to take any notice of, because Livingston had been refused a hearing in his defence, and stated that he was ready to hear and *abide by* the decision of the court. The Judge then *fined him one thousand dollars*, for which amount the General at once drew his check on a city bank, and thus the matter was for the time ended. But twenty-seven years afterwards, A. D. 1842, the Congress of the United States voted to refund to General Jackson that $1,000, with interest to date, amounting to some $2,700, and the money was paid over to the old man, amid the plaudits of the nation. And thereby Congress and the people set their seal of approbation upon the old hero's conduct, and gave judges notice to beware how in critical emergencies they interfere with commanders called into the field to defend the honor and the safety of the country.

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MANNERS—GOOD AND BAD.

There is no greater error than to suppose solemnity and dignity—the latter quality particularly being harped upon by certain "deportment" writers—have anything to do with personal merit. If they are not the marks of a fool, they at least individuate a person of narrow range and pretension of character. Genius can always afford to be playful. It laughs at such miserable devices of common-place people. Solemnity and dignity have always been one of the chief means to keep up superstition among the ignorant masses. The ancient Egyptian priest, who enjoyed the lion's share of honor and profit, was never seen to smile by the common people. It was in imitation of the august serenity of eternal nature that he played-off such sublimated airs and graces. No greater bores exist than some old "figure-heads" with their condescending politeness. We like the word condescension; also affability. Condescension—gracious condescension; affability—graceful affability! Fudge! neither one nor the other of these is needed for good manners, for they are both, wherever found, very bad manners. Kindness, gentleness, and the absence of selfishness in intercourse; a prompt attention to the business around one; a regard for the aged, the feeble, and, above all, respect for the morals of children, are the base of good manners. Without these physical graces, courtesies, bows, inclinations of the head, neatness of apparel, taste in fashion, are all hollow and unimpressive.

The manners of well-bred people were never so good as they are now. With hair powder and grease, and stiff brocades, and dress-swords, and monkey-minuets, there was a great deal of overdone ceremony, elaborate compliment, and desperate social foolery in general. That has passed away, and there are charming directness, simplicity and truth now in these circles. Mind—we are speaking of well-bred people. But, there is the reverse of the medal. With the absence of ceremony there has arisen a great deal of ill-breeding by people who cannot, through the want of education and association, distinguish between genuine independence of character and downright swagger. Our "roughs" are the example. Many of these young men do not wish to be ill-bred or rude. They simply cultivate indifference and independence until it degenerates into harshness, and selfishness, and brutality.

It should always be born in mind that gentle manners are the highest crown of courage. Without them bravery is ruffianism, neither more nor less. The Latin phrase splendidly defines the conjunction: *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—in manner gentle, in action firm.

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THE USES OF NUISANCES.

Philosophy is a wonderful thing. For example, an Oxford philosopher discovered some time ago that bed-bugs and sundry other sanguinary domestic animalculi, were most benificent institutions. This learned and ingenious person, whose surname is Rowell, and who is a member of several "societies," assures us that the little brown sleep-murderers looked upon with disgust and horror by all neat-handed housewives, contribute more to the general health of the community than all the sanitary measures ever devised by parliamentary sagacity. Perhaps the reader does not "see it." Possibly, while he admits that they were created for a wise end, he supposes that end to have been the infliction of punishment. Let him be disabused. The presence of the insect, or even the suspicion of its presence, is assumed to be of incalculable benefit to society in this way: Thousands of bedsteads are taken down to facilitate the search after it, that would otherwise—in the opinion of this modern sage—be allowed to harbor dust and filth, and generate disease from year's end to year's end! What a libellous philosopher! Let him not present himself in the domicile of any tidy matron, if he values his hair or his ears! He also entertains some curious notions on the subject of fleas, believing them to be a gift of mercy to dogs, which would otherwise neglect the scratching, biting and wallowing in the dust necessary for the preservation of their health! All blood-letting and offensive parasites come in for a share of his commendation. He introduces us to the whale at its toilet, scraping itself against the edge of a rock to get rid of the *attachés* that feed upon its substance. In point of fact, this "nice man" advances the delectable theory that no human being or member of the brute creation would be cleanly, if it were not from a dread of the vermin that are born of filth and laziness. He evidently looks upon his own species as only one degree removed from Swift's "Yahoos." That in wisdom all things were created, we religiously believe, but we object to viewing any of the works of God through this individual's dirty object-glass.

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OBLIGED TO "WORK FOR HER LIVING."

English literature has been, upon the whole, beneficial to the United States; but it has also done us a great deal of harm. Casting our eyes, the other day, over an English play freshly imported from London, the work of one of the most popular of living dramatists, we met a passage that may serve to illustrate our meaning. A young girl had made a runaway match and had thereby become pinched for money. Her father, who was an earl, came secretly to her lodgings in her absence, and inquired of the landlady how his daughter was getting on. The landlady mentioned several circumstances that excited the commiseration of the old man, but at length she stated a fact so appalling that the earl was thrown into a wild paroxysm of grief. He could have borne much, he said, but this was too much; *this* was more than a British father could ever be expected to bear. He thrust his hands through his gray locks; he flourished his white hankerchief; he sunk at last upon a table and sobbed.

Now, what was this tremendous calamity? Why, reader, the landlady merely said that the young lady had been obliged *to work for a living!* "Great Heaven," exclaimed the earl, "my daughter work for a living!" Having said these words, he proceeded to enact the scene we have faintly described.

English plays and novels are full of such nonsense as this. The spirit of caste pervades them. It is not so much stated, as taken for granted, that those people only are blessed who possess a sufficient sum per annum to relieve them from the necessity of toil. The entire working world is ignored or sneered at. And, what is strange, readers who work faithfully for their living, applaud the stuff, and American third-rate writers imitate it. We could name several American writers who never speak of persons who earn their living without a sneer; writers whose own parents and grandparents were working people. So corrupting is a portion of the literature of aristocratic England.

ESCAPE FROM A PRISON-SHIP.

In the year 1813, an American privateer, the Mary Ann, was captured by a British man-of-war, and the whole crew, some forty in number, carried into Plymouth and placed on board a loathsome prison-ship, where they were subjected to all the indignities and cruelties which the English government, through its unfeeling officers, then knew so well how to inflict upon their unfortunate prisoners of war. They presented a most forlorn and wretched appearance. They were robbed of nearly all their valuables and clothing, fed with rations barely sufficient to sustain life, and literally packed and jammed into such close quarters that the foul air infused a pestilential poison through their systems. They were ragged and dirty, gaunt and ghastly, with pale, pinched faces, hollow cheeks, and sunken, restless eyes. Many were sick, several were dying, numbers had died, and the least afflicted could make no calculations of life. It was a scene of wretchedness and misery to sicken the heart of any being possessing the common feelings of humanity.

Probably the most restless people in the world are the Americans, and for this reason they make the most troublesome prisoners. They will not settle down to inactivity under any wrong or oppression; they will not bear any burden meekly or tamely; nurtured in the lap of freedom, they chafe fearfully under any restraint; their liberty they will seek at any hazard—they pant for it as for the air they breathe; show them the remotest possibility of accomplishing their purpose, and no danger, no thousand dangers, will deter them from the attempt; you may destroy, but you cannot subdue them.

This was especially the case with the American prisoners in England during the war of 1812. The French, as a general thing, yielded a quiet submission to the oppressive laws which held them in bondage; but the Americans were continually plotting escape, even when escape seemed impossible. No prison—no matter how strong its bolts and bars, how broad and high its walls, how deep and dangerous its moat, or how numerous and vigilant its guard—could shut out all hope from the heart of the native-born freeman of yet regaining his liberty by some personal and desperate hazard.

Among the daring crew of the Mary Ann, was a young man, twenty-two years of age, a native of New London, Connecticut, by the name of Isaac Wheeler. He was rather small in person, with light hair and blue eyes, and his features in repose had a mild, inoffensive, almost sleepy expression. Unless you were a remarkable judge of physiognomy, he would probably be the last person you would select for a bold and desperate enterprise; and yet the man had a perfect love of danger, and such a feeling as actual fear was unknown to him. He made his boast, when taken, that it was not in the power of the English government to keep him long a prisoner; and for this insolence, as it was termed by his captors, he received some very harsh treatment, though all affected to believe it was mere Yankee braggadocio.

But no sooner was Wheeler fairly on board the prison-ship at Plymouth, than he secretly began to plan and plot and execute. With a precaution for just such an emergency, he had, previous to his capture, prepared a saw from the main spring of a watch, and sewed it up in a seam of his under-shirt, where it had been overlooked by the men who searched and robbed him. With this, having taken into his confidence three other desperate fellows, he now began to work at the grates of one of the port-holes of the seventy-four; and in less than a week, in spite of the vigilance of the guard, the bars were in a condition to be removed by a strong and sudden wrench. Waiting only for a dark and stormy night, which shortly after came, the fastenings were removed, and Wheeler was the first to crawl through.

Unfortunately for the quiet success of his scheme, he slipped and plunged into the water below, and was heard by the sentry on duty above him, who instantly gave the alarm. In a minute lights were dancing to and fro, and men were tumbling over the sides of the vessel into boats. So quickly were the boats manned and in pursuit of the fugitive, that only one of his companions ventured to follow him, and he was riddled with balls within twenty feet of where he touched the water. This would have been the fate of Wheeler had he struck out for the shore; but being a remarkable swimmer, he dove and went under the vessel, and came quietly up to breathe at the stern. By this time half-a-dozen boats were circling round the ship on an eager search, the excited crews cursing and grumbling, and firing at everything which their fancy conjured into the appearance of a struggling man. One boat shortly approached so near to the fugitive, with its flashing lights, that he felt discovery to be certain if he remained longer where he was; and accordingly he dove again, and swam under water the whole length of the keel, coming up under the bow. But another boat was here, and he had scarcely time to catch his breath when his head was perceived. This was announced by a yell of exultation, and in the same instant five or six shots were fired at him. Only one ball hit him, and this passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, barely missing the bone, which would have disabled him, and rendered his recapture or death certain. He dove again, and, being much out of breath, was obliged to come quickly to the surface, which he did within fifty feet of the bow, on one side of the vessel, and directly under one of the searching boats, to which he clung for a minute, in a dangerous proximity to his foes, swimming with it as it was rowed forward, and hearing the crew boast that, if not already dead, they would soon have his heart's blood. Another boat soon approached this; and as the lights of the second craft began to flash upon him, Wheeler saw he could no longer remain concealed where he was, and once more dove and went under the seventy-four, coming up on the other side. Here again he was not safe, for another boat was rowing along from stern to bow; and determined now to be free or die in the attempt, he silently but swiftly struck out toward a schooner at some distance, whose light was faintly gleaming over the rough waves.

This last attempt at life and liberty fortune seemed disposed to favor, and to his great joy the poor fugitive soon heard the gruff voices of his pursuers growing fainter and more faint behind him. Onward he pressed, buffeting the rough waves, and thanking God for the driving storm that in a measure was shielding his flight. He now for the first time felt some pain in his shoulder, and he knew that his blood was mingling with the briny waters; but the hope of freedom made him buoyant, and he pressed forward to new perils with a comparatively light heart.

At length he reached the schooner, and finding a small boat alongside, noiselessly crawled into it, and stretched himself out to rest. He had not laid long, when he became conscious that his shoulder and arm were swelling and growing stiff; and as it was necessary for his safety that he should reach the shore during the night, and believing that every moment's delay would render the attempt more difficult, he resolved to re-commit himself to the waters immediately, and swim while he could.

Half an hour later, more dead than alive, he crawled up the side of a pier, and again laid himself down to rest. As soon as he felt he had recovered sufficient strength for the further task, he got upon his feet and hurried forward toward the lights of the town, hoping to find some friendly shelter, where he might remain concealed till all search for him should be over, when it was his design to ship on board some foreign trader, and thus get clear of the country.

While animated with this hope, and just as he had begun to hasten along one of the darker streets of the city, a man suddenly sprung out from the corner of a building, clapped one hand roughly on his shoulder, flashed a light in his face with the other, and in a gruff tone demanded his name and business, where he came from and whither he was going. All this was so sudden and unexpected, and took the fugitive so completely off his guard, that he began to stammer, he knew not what, and quickly broke down in confusion.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken," said the watchman, for such he was, "you're one of the —— Yankee prisoners just escaped from the prison-ship, and I'll just lock you up till morning and see."

"Oh, if that's all, I've not the least objection to your satisfying yourself on that score," replied Wheeler, who had now recovered his presence of mind, and got all his wits to work.

"Wounded, too—all bloody here—shot, as I live!" pursued the other, holding up his lantern. "Thought I heard firing awhile ago. Yes, you're the man I want."

"And there's another you want just behind you," said Wheeler.

The watchman turned to see who was alluded to, and at the same instant received a trip and a blow from Wheeler, that sent him sprawling into the gutter. Almost the next moment he was upon his feet, in pursuit of the now flying fugitive, giving the signal of alarm, and shouting "Stop thief! stop thief!" at the top of his lungs.

Fortunately for our hero, there was a dark, narrow street, or lane, close at hand, and into this he turned, and bounded forward with the speed of a deer, the enraged watchman shouting and following, and every moment losing ground in the chase. This street, not a long one, was completely deserted, and with no obstruction before him, the young man felt certain of escaping the enemy behind, but the shouts of his pursuer were now beginning to be answered from different quarters, and to his chagrin he perceived that his only safety would be in sudden concealment. This was fearfully apparent when, shortly after, a party of men entered the street at the other end, and came hurrying down to meet him. He could not hope to pass them if he continued forward, and if he turned back, it would be to encounter the watchman and several others who were joining him. His only alternative seemed to be to draw himself up in the jut of some doorway, and take the chances of the nearest party hurrying past without discovering him, and instantly adopting this plan, he bounded up to a door, and to his joyful surprise, found it slightly ajar. Pressed by the danger without, he did not stop to consider the perils within, but pushed at once into a dark passage, softly closing the door behind him. Then hurrying along the passage till he came to a flight of stairs, he went bounding up these, two at a time, but scarcely had he reached the second story, when the door was burst open with a shout, and he heard the steps of several men entering the building in hot pursuit.

His situation was now critical in the extreme, and for the first time he experienced a feeling of despair take possession of his soul; but mentally repeating the old proverb, "while there is life there is hope," he hurried around through a dark entry to another flight of stairs, and was soon at the top of these. Another similar effort landed him in the fourth story, and then he bethought him of the roof. Luckily he had not to grope long before his hand rested upon a ladder, that led up to a trap-door; and in less than a minute he was hurrying over the roof, hearing his pursuers clamoring below him, both in the street and in the building.

Over the roofs of several buildings the daring fellow now hastened, till he came to one considerably below the others, when, without a moment's hesitation, he lowered himself by his hands and dropped quietly down upon it. So remarkable had been his escapes thus far, that hope now revived; and this was greatly increased when, on taking hold of a trap-door at his feet, he found it unfastened. Without a thought as to where his present descent might lead, he swung himself down into a kind of cock-loft, and secured the trap by hooks on the under side. This done, he breathed freer, and sat down to think and rest. A voice now reached him; and after listening to it a short time, he became satisfied it was that of a woman praying. This gave him fresh hope—for to a true Christian woman he believed a distressed fugitive would not have to appeal in vain, and he at once resolved to see her and tell her all.

It was so dark where he was, that nothing whatever could be seen, and so he began to grope about for the second trap-door, through which to descend from the loft to the upper story. In attempting to find this, he slipped from the joists over which he was crawling, and, falling upon some weak laths, went through them with a crash, and, with a large body of plastering, came down upon a bed in the room below. The female, whose voice he had heard, was kneeling beside the bed, and was so frightened at the appearance of a bloody man in such a strange manner, that, clasping her hands and uttering a sort of suppressed shriek, she swooned away.

Here was a new adventure and new danger—but Isaac Wheeler was equal to the occasion. Perceiving a closet full of female clothing, he at once resolved upon an effective diguise; and in ten minutes he was leaving the still unconscious woman, dressed in her own apparel, and carrying his own sailor garments in a bundle. He went boldly down two flights of stairs, past several rooms occupied by lodgers, and reached the street without molestation, where he beheld quite a crowd collected in front of the building in which he had first sought refuge. Taking a contrary direction, he moved off without suspicion, and in the course of an hour was far from the scene of danger. A sum of money which he found in the woman's dress, enabled him to pay his way and escape too close a scrutiny; and travelling on foot to another seaport, he took passage for one of the German States, and thus secured the liberty for which he had risked his life.

After the declaration of peace, Isaac Wheeler returned to his native land, and astonished his friends with an account of his adventures. He subsequently became master of a vessel, and acquired a competency. After a lapse of years, he sought out the woman he had so strangely robbed, and made her ample restitution for her loss. In the year 1845 he fell a victim to the yellow fever at Havana, leaving a handsome property to his relatives.

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In every journey there are some tedious passages, the very remembrance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life the analogy holds good in this instance also.

MODERN MILITARY SCIENCE.

It is acknowledged that in intelligent arrangement and effective work the modern army excels even the Roman, the conqueror of the Old World. Gunpowder has revolutionized the mode of making war particularly by means of the more modern projectiles killing at great distances and setting on fire whatever is inflammable: yet after all these scientific aids, the decisions of battle have resolved themselves into the modern bayonet and the modern squares of infantry—equivalent to the sword of the ancients when the spear was already thrown and the death-clutch took place in the phalanx.

The tendency now is to disencumber the soldier of all useless decoration, dress and weight, and leave the limbs the fullest play for action. The origin of the latest phase of this reform is not, as is generally supposed, the Zouave organization, but dates back to our Revolution and before it even, and it was carried out to Europe after the war closed, and entered into the extemporized armies of the French republicans. In the American army, besides the farmers who came with guns, and the least possible uniform, or none at all, were the terrible riflemen, who wore the simple hunting-shirts, and moccasins, and hunting-knives. The defeat of Braddock grew out of an adoration of pipe-clay and buckram. The British regulars were led, stiff as Lebanon cedars, against a sneaking savage foe and their allies, protected by trees and elevated ground, and disaster followed. There were neither pigtails nor pipeclay about these sons of the Indian borders. The British, again, who marched up Bunker Hill, were stately in the hair-pomatum of the day, stiffly clothed and accoutred, and came in solemn bull-dog array. So, too, the French troops, under the polished Count Rochambeau, were of the buckram order. But here the French saw the singular spectacle of perfectly light troops in the persons of our riflemen, who could run like deer, and climb like squirrels, and were dead shots with their faithful rifles. This was not lost upon the quick-witted nation under the republic. When the French revolution broke out there was not time to make veterans out of conscripts, or money to dress them regularly. France had fourteen hundred thousand men in the field! She was armed at every point, and her security was achieved against the European coalition. She was defeated, however, in regular line encounters with her conscripts against the tried soldiers of the enemy. Then the French adopted the American skirmishing and irregular firing, sustained by solid columns, and victory followed the change.

Napoleon took advantage of the new system of rapid movements, and troops disencumbered as much as possible from weights and wagons, and by this means he was enabled to achieve his most brilliant marches. But it must be borne in mind that the reform came from the spontaneities of this country—of a people who fought as backwoodsmen and farmers, who knew not standing armies, but like Cincinnatus, left the plough, fought, and returned to it. Without the American Revolution there would have been no French Revolution, no Napoleon Bonaparte, and no backwoodsmen's celerity upsetting the slow business and operose drill of the French infantry. These are notable truths, and should for the sake of veracious history be insisted upon.

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AN ANNUAL MISTAKE.

Going into the country to keep cool, is for the most part wholly an imaginative process. The city presents *one* shady sidewalk at least to the street; and we never heard that houses, without either blinds or trees, were conducive to comfort in the dog-days, even though they *were* situated "in the country and with all the comforts of a home." There is more fashion than fun in this annual exodus from one's city domicile every summer. If people would but go sensibly, we grant the benefit. Would they go far enough from the city to find the *unmitigated woods*, and agree to leave their fine clothes behind them, one might think it worth while for a week or more to root up one's habits, and plant oneself anew for that space of time. Even then, a week or two would suffice *us*. We can keep very comfortable in town, when all the fashion-ridden devotees have left, on their dusty, dog-day search for pleasure. It does not grieve us to see "deserted streets." We can bear even the ignominy of being supposed "unable to go;" particularly on sight of an ice-pitcher, a large, well-ventilated apartment, plenty of closet-room, and as many newspapers as even *our* rapacious paws can clutch. Then as to milk, we defy anybody to get better than we do every blessed morning; by what hocus-pocus we get it, is *our* business; and as to fruit and vegetables, if *we* are satisfied, that's enough. If we prefer to take our "country" in the afternoons, and come back to a good tea, or dinner, and a wide bed, we shall snap our fingers at country sleeping-rooms, and skim-milk, and the remainder fruit and vegetables that farmers can't sell in the market. If we can get at home through the summer mornings the indispensable delirious cup of coffee, far better than any hotel we were ever in can furnish, (and we have "lodged where the Prince did," too!) who shall say our cup is not running over with blessings, minus "the country," which everybody, ourselves included, sentimentalizes about, and everybody stays in, just as little as they can, if they have any choice in the matter.

FANNY FERN.

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CLERICAL ETIQUETTE.

Hartford, June 1st, 1861.

Mr. Bonner:—I notice that you frequently give some excellent advice to your readers in your "Notices to Correspondents." I desire to call your attention to a little matter myself, and to ask your opinion in relation to it. Is it right for a young orthodox clergyman to invade the parish of an old orthodox clergyman, and try to persuade the members of his venerable clerical brother's church to leave and join his own? Is such conduct becoming in a clergyman? Please answer, and oblige

An Old Friend.

As well might our correspondent ask, is it right for a child to rob his own father? Such conduct as he speaks of is certainly unbecoming in a clergyman; and no minister with the instincts of a gentleman would be guilty of it for the sake of increasing the membership of his church. No lawyer, no physician, who should seek in such a manner to undermine a professional brother would be esteemed honorable by the community. Even a merchant who should attempt to increase his trade in a way so underhanded would lose caste wherever it became known. If any clergyman has importuned you or your friends in this way, you have in the fact of such solicitations one of the best reasons that you can possibly offer for declining to receive spiritual advice from such a source. Were we in your place, and should any clergyman make such solicitations at our domicile, we would be very much inclined to recommend some work, not merely on Etiquette or Gentlemanly Deportment, but on Christian Morals, to his perusal. It may be, however, that our ideas on such matters are rather old-fashioned; but, if so, we have only to say that we imbibed them many years ago, in the very city from which our correspondent dates his letter, from what the entire religious community will agree is one of the very highest sources in the land—Rev. Dr. Hawes; and the experience of nearly a quarter of a century has afforded us no occasion for changing them.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Flora scatters fragrant snow
  Mid her flowrets sheen,
Without storm or blast they drift
  O'er the orchards green.

Bees, the apple-blossoms mourn,
  Eddying pale and white,
In whose calyx pure they plung'd,
  With intense delight.

Wingéd creatures, be content!
  Thriftily ye've stored
All the essence they could yield,
  In your waxen hoard.

We, our riven buds deplore,
  Beautiful and brave,
And their cherish'd petals grudge
  To the insatiate grave.

Still forgetting they must fall
  Ere the fruit be given,
And that dew-drops from the eye
  Ripen it for heaven.

Hartford, Conn., May 25th, 1861.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLOTS OF A NIGHT!

When John Glengyle came down into the drawing-room, he found Louis Griswold there, in a state of high excitement.

"Sir John, I saw you taking a female through the hall."

"Yes."

"Was it not Maggie Burns?"

"It was."

"By the blessed Book, I thought so. Where did you find her?"

"At the cot."

"And what do you mean to do with her?"

"I have not fully made up my mind yet, Captain. I found her at the cot very unexpectedly, and, remembering what sort of work she had been doing, I thought it best to take her with me."

"But how did you manage to secure the tigress so easily?"

"She was secured before she mistrusted our intent. Had we given her fair warning, and allowed her to arm herself, the work might have been more difficult."

"Exactly—I see. But you have her safe now?"

"Yes, sir," replied the baronet, emphatically. "She is so safe that she cannot escape." And thus speaking, he turned to the sideboard, and poured out a glass of wine.

"Will you take some, Captain?"

It was not natural for Louis Griswold to refuse such an offer, and he joined his host over the glass. After this they sat down, and pretty soon the captain remarked—

"It is a fair prize you have taken, Sir John."

"What makes you think so?" returned the baronet, looking up from the floor.

"Why, she's young and handsome, and rather trim every way."

"O—you are speaking of Maggie Burns."

"To be sure. Whom did you think I meant?"

"I didn't know. I was thinking of something else just then. Yes, she is rather pretty, and I don't wonder that Roderic was smitten with her. But I'll take precious good care that he doesn't come under her influence again."

"How? How will you do this?" asked Griswold, anxiously.

"O, I can do it in many ways."

"Let me tell you of a perfectly sure and simple way, Sir John."

"Tell on."

"Give her to me."

John Glengyle looked into Griswold's face, and something like a smile lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"You seem to be earnest, Captain."

"Aye, Sir John, I am earnest. There are two very strong reasons why I should like to obtain possession of that girl. First: I like her—I want her for her beauty. The second reason you must already divine."

"You allude to the warm reception she gave you a few evenings since?" said the baronet.

"Yes," answered Griswold, with an oath.

"Well, my dear Captain," continued the host, locking his fingers together, and twirling his thumbs, "I have been thinking that you ought to have the girl. Let's see—to-morrow is Christmas. Would she not make a very acceptable Christmas present?"

"By my life, she would," cried Griswold. "Give her to me, and I'll be your debtor always."

"No, Captain," returned the baronet, in a business-like way. "I would not have it so. I would not have you remain my debtor. You can pay me beforehand."

"Ah—how?"

"You can cross the river into Jersey to-night?"

"If I can find boatmen."

"I have two of the best river boatmen to be found anywhere right here in my house."

"Then I can go. About three miles above Coryel's Ferry there is a skiff concealed, which I can use at any time in the night. It would be rather dangerous to attempt the passage in the day time, as the rebel pickets extend almost up there."

"What I want done," said the baronet, "must be done immediately. You know old Scipio?"

"You mean Hecuba's companion?"

"Yes."

"Certainly."

"Well, I want him taken over and delivered up as a rebel and a spy. He has had this crazy woman with him merely as a blind. I know that Roderic stopped there before he came here and captured our men. But you will understand how to put it. Take the negro to the proper officer, and make the case out against him as strong as you can. Will you do it?"

"I can do it, sir."

"Then here it is: Do this, and Maggie Burns shall be yours. She shall be yours to do with her just exactly as you please."

"By the soul of me!" cried Griswold, starting to his feet, "the work shall be done. Give me the boatmen, and give me the negro, and I'll be about it at once."

"Then do you go and see that the horses are ready, and I will attend to the rest."

With this the host went to look after the two boatmen, while Griswold went out to the stable and aroused the hostler.

When Sir John had found his men, he took them with him to the upper chamber, and bidding them wait in the passsge, he unlocked the door, and went in where he had left his prisoners. He found Hecuba asleep, and Scipio sitting by the side of her bed. It was very cold and uncomfortable there, but the faithful watcher did not seem to mind that. He looked up when the host entered, and, as if forgetful of the violence which had been done, mildly asked if he could not have a fire.

"I doesn't care for myself, mas'r, but poor Hecuba am berry cold. I'm 'fear'd dat she's a gwine to be took sick, sir."

"What makes you think so?" asked Sir John.

"'Cause she's so dumpish like, an' breves so hard, an' 'cause, when she opens her eyes, an' looks right into my face, she don't know who I am. I nebber seed her so afore. She wur really afear'd ob me once."

"Well, Scipio, do you come with me, and I guess we can find different quarters for you. Come."

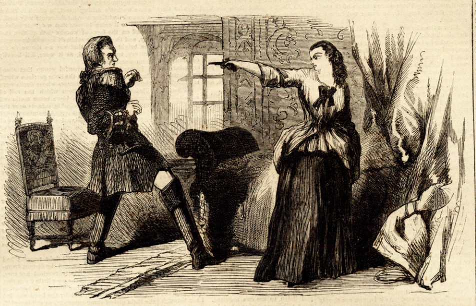
"But mas'r—if she should wake up."

"I think there's no danger. At all events this is the only course. Come,—we'll soon have matters differently arranged."

The negro followed him from the apartment without further question. The baronet stopped and locked the door after him, and then moved out into the main passage; and when they reached the open hall the two boatmen, who had their instructions to that effect, rushed up and seized Scipio from behind. They had considerable difficulty in conquering him, though they finally accomplished it; and then led him down stairs after their employer. At the door they found Griswold ready with the horses, and as soon as a hat could be found for the unfortunate victim, he was delivered over to the captain.

There is no need of repeating the words which were spoken. It is enough to say that the scene was a most painful one, and that any man, with the common feelings of humanity within him, would have been moved to tears by the prayerful entreaties of the poor negro. At first he had remonstrated and expostulated; and when he found that that would not avail, he prayed in Hecuba's behalf. But he could not move those men; and, with the words of prayer upon his lips, and the tears of agony trickling down his cheeks, he was borne away.

When the party had gone, John Glengyle went back to the place where he had left Hecuba. He found her still asleep, and as quietly as possible he examined the doors to see that no passage could be left open for her escape. He did not trouble himself about the windows. He knew that they were not fastened, and that the sashes could be easily raised.



A VILLAIN FOILED.

Suppose the woman, in her frenzy, should open one of these windows and leap out?

Ah, he had asked himself that question; and when he had looked down from the giddy hight, and calculated the certainty of death to the unfortunate person who should make the mad leap, or fall so far, he shook his head and muttered to himself that she might make her escape by that way if she chose!

The doors, however, he carefully looked to; and when he had assured himself that they were secure, he returned to his own room, where he took another glass of wine, and then sat down. And what did he mean to do with the maniac woman? This was the subject of his thoughts, as he sat there alone. She might jump out at the window; she might die in a fit; she might fail from cold and starvation; or, she might be more surely disposed of. But he was not yet decided upon that point. He had her within his power, and the negro was out of the way. He would sleep upon it ere he resolved upon the next step. There was no particular need of hurry. A few hours could make no difference.

While these things had been going on Maggie Burns had suffered much uneasiness. She sat near the bed, with her shawl wrapped about her shoulders, and watched the door upon the opposite side of the room. Of what was to come she had no chance for doubt. The only question was, *when* would it come. She had seen Louis Griswold in the house; and she knew that she was to be delivered into his charge. He would come—she knew it! He would seek to enslave her—she knew that, too! So with her, in that hour, beyond the mere question of time, it was only a question of life or death. She had nothing to consider beyond that. Escape from her room was not to be thought of,—at least, not a forcible escape.

An hour passed away, and still Maggie sat there in her chair, not daring to trust herself in the bed. It was very cold; but the cold she suffered was as nothing compared with what she had to fear if she fell a victim to Griswold's wicked power. Another hour passed, and another; and she began to drowse. The intense cold had so benumbed her that it became difficult for her to keep her eyes open. Finally, when she thought it must be near midnight, she concluded that she would barricade her door, and venture to crawl into the bed. She could so fix it that no one could enter without disturbing her. In short, she must do something of the kind; and she was just preparing to set about the work, when she heard footsteps approaching. As quickly as possible she retreated to the corner near the bed, and made sure that her pistols were ready for use. Presently some one stopped at her door, and in a moment more she heard a low rap. She did not answer it; and very soon the rap was repeated.

Should she answer this? Might it not be well to let the applicant know that she was awake?

She moved a few steps towards the door, and asked who was there.

"It's me," replied a voice.

It was not Griswold's voice.

"Who is it?"

"It's me—Cato."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes—all alone. Don't make no noise."

That was a cheering note for such an hour, and with a thrill of hope Maggie hastened to the door, and told him to come in.

"Can't you open de door?" asked Cato, in a fallen tone.

"No. I am locked in."

"O, bress de Lord, den dis chile am circumwented. I know'd ye wur here, Miss Maggie, an' I t'ought I might help ye, but I can't open de door."

"Can you not find a key, Cato? Look for one."

"Wait a little, missis, an' I'll see."

The negro went away, but his mission was a fruitless one.

"Dar aint only one key to dis door," he said, when he came back, "an' dat I s'pec's mas'r's got."

But could he not open the door in some way? Could he not force it?

"No, Miss Maggie,—'taint ob no use to try dat. Dis door am berry stout an' t'ick; an' a smashin' ob it down would scare de whole house. Can ye hear what I say?"

"Yes,—very well. My ear is at the key-hole."

"Well—I'm sorry; but it can't be helped. I seed 'um when dey fetched ye up here, an' I've been a settin' up all dis time hopin' dat I might git sumf'n for ye, if ye wanted it."

"You came to set me free?"

No,—he had not come with that intention. The honest fellow had only thought of showing his friendship by offering some articles of comfort which she might need, and which he could provide. He had thought that she might be hungry, and he could bring her food; or she might want some wine, which he could steal for her.

"Listen to me, Cato. You are very kind; and I thank you for these things just as though you had brought them to me; but I do not need them. I need my liberty. My liberty now is more to be desired than life. Is not Louis Griswold in the house?"

"No, missis,—he's gwine away wid Scipio."

"With Scipio? And where have they taken him?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But he's been took away, an' Cap'n Griswold's gone off wid him. I s'pec's dar's sumf'n a gwine to be did; but I can't make out what."

"And poor Hecuba,—where is she?"

"Somewhere away upstairs, missis; an' I reckon she's locked up same as you is."

"Hold your ear down, Cato."

"I can hear ye, Miss Maggie."

"If I stay here my fate will be worse than death."

"O, don't say dat."

"It will. But you can help me. Perhaps you can save me."

"How? Tell me how."

"Will you listen to me?"

"Yes."

"And will you not save me if you can?"

"Sartin true, I will."

"Then you must hasten away to Newtown, and find Roderic Glengyle. O, Cato, if you will do this, you may do a blessed thing."

The negro did not make an immediate reply to this. It was more than he had anticipated.

"Bress de Lord, Miss Maggie, dis poor chile 'd do anyt'ing he could for ye; but s'pose'n mas'r should ketch me up to sich business. Ugh! dis yer nigger 'd be dead, for sartin."

"But, Cato, there is no need of his catching you. You can get away easily enough."

"Ah—but when I come back?"

"Come with Roderic, and he will protect you. Or, you need not come back at all. Roderic will find you a home in Newtown; and I give you my solemn assurance that you shall be provided for. O, Cato—if you love me—if you would serve me—if you have mercy upon misfortune—go to Newtown, and find Roderic Glengyle."

The maiden's tones were so touching, and their breathings of prayer so deep, that the true-hearted fellow could not withstand their influence.

"Lord knows I ought to go," he said, meditatingly.

"And does not your own heart tell you that you ought to go?"

"Bress yer dear, sweet voice, it does, Miss Maggie. I didn't t'ink ob it afore; but it 'pears all right now. Hold on. Don't say any more. Let dis chile spekelate one minnit.—I hab it.—Don't worry.—Miss Maggie, *Ole Cato 'll go!*"

"Bless you,—bless you!"

"Ole Cato 'll go! But don't you say noff'n. I'll hurry off as quick as I can; an' I'll find Mas'r Roderic ef he's anywhere about. Good bye,—keep yer heart up good an' strong."

Maggie listened, with her ear to the door, until Cato's careful tread ceased to send back its sound, and then she returned to the bed and sank down. She prayed—prayed that her messenger might succeed—prayed with her knees bent, and her clasped hands raised toward heaven,—and then followed a season of rest. Anon the sense of weariness returned, and she knew that she must sleep. She moved the table, the chairs, and the small side-board against the door; and then, having placed her pistols beneath the pillow, she lay down.

There was hope in the spirit of her prayer; but that hope was trembling in the balance with a deep and weighty fear. The morrow was Christmas; and on Christmas every man of the Patriot army was to be in camp, and ready to move at a moment's warning; for so Roderic had told her when last she saw him. Would he be able to come? Would Cato find him? Would the sentinels admit the strange negro into the camp?

And thus painfully pondering, between hope and fear, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN HOUR OF TRIAL!

The morning of Christmas dawned with clouds and wind. John Glengyle arose and dressed himself; and having taken a cup of coffee, and eaten a bit of toast, he went up to see how it was with Hecuba. When he reached her own door, he stopped and listened. He fancied that he heard a low moaning; but he was not sure that it was the voice of his prisoner. It might be the wailing of the wind. When he went in, which he did very softly, he found the woman upon the bed, with her head supported by her hands, and her hair torn and dishevelled. As he approached her, she caught the sound of his footfall and looked up. Her expression was wild and staring, and her face wore a hot, scarlet flush.

"Where is my Charon?" she asked. Her voice was hoarse and painful, as though her organs of speech were tried with much exertion.

"Who is Charon?" returned the baronet. He had moved nearer to the bed, and seemed to regard the unfortunate creature as though he fancied that her powers were well nigh gone.

"Charon is my Charon—my faithful guide and boatman. Where is he?" She raised herself up, and looked upon the man who stood beside her. A moment she gazed, and then a change came over her—a change so sudden and so fearful, that Sir John started back in affright. Her eyes were set on fire; her cheeks grew pale, and then flushed more deeply than before; her teeth were ground together till they grated like stones; and her quivering fingers were clutched in the wild masses of her hair. She leaped from the bed, and stood before the startled man like an infuriate Tisiphone. Presently she began to rave, and to tear her hair; and fearing for his personal safety, John Glengyle retreated from the room. He dared not remain there. He went out, and locked the door after him, and then waited to listen awhile. He heard the poor creature scream and cry out; he heard her leap from place to place; he heard her teeth grate and grind; and finally he heard her fall upon the floor.

"She cannot stand this much longer," he said, to himself, as he walked away. "If I send her no help, she must soon wear herself out!" And so he walked on, muttering as he went, until he reached his own room. Should he send Hecuba food? should he send her help of any kind?

Not yet. If left to herself awhile longer, she might make her escape through one of the windows!

He had just made up his mind to leave the poor maniac as she was until night, when Capt. Griswold made his appearance.

"Ah—back again."

"Yes, Sir John; back safe and sound; but I've had a hard jaunt of it."

"And the negro?"

"He is all right and snug. I carried him into Jersey, and delivered him to the picket officer, who will see that he is cared for. He won't escape; so make yourself easy on that score. But say, Sir John, has the fellow really been acting the spy?"

"Of course he has. It must be so."

Griswold looked as though he thought his host might have some other motive; and Glengyle seemed to understand the meaning of the look; for he quickly added, with an expression well suited to his words:

"You sought to question me once before on this subject. I hope you won't repeat the offence."

"Excuse me, Sir John. I meant no offence."

"Then leave me to take care of my own affairs; and do you do the same." The baronet spoke thus far rather sternly. He paused a moment, and then contiued, in a confidential tone, and with his features relaxed to a smile:

"You have an affair on your hands, I think."

"Ah—yes," returned the captain, his eyes snapping as he spoke.

"Then why not attend to it?"

"You mean my affair with Maggie Burns?"

"Certainly."

Griswold walked across the room, and slowly returned.

"Sir John," he said, "I am ready and anxious; but I am not quite sure of my ground yet."

"Ah—I thought you could conquer the maiden. Do you need help?"

"That is not it, sir. I can conquer her; but what shall I do with her after that? Shall I keep her here, or must I carry her away? That is the question."

"I declare," replied the baronet, drumming upon the table with his fingers, "I had not thought of that. I hate the girl; and yet I would not have my house put to disgrace. You can carry her away, or——"

"Or what?" asked Griswold, seating himself upon the opposite side of the table.

"Or," continued the host, thoughtfully, "you can marry her. I am willing you should do that."

"How do you mean, Sir John?"

"Why—I mean thus: I am a justice, and am willing to make the bond. If you will submit to this, you shall have your wife here in Waldvale Hall. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes—perfectly; and I like the idea. I'll go and bring the damsel down at once."

"Very well. Here is the key to her room. You know where it is."

Maggie Burns arose with the breaking of day; but finding the room cold and uncomfortable, she crawled back into bed again, where she lay two hours longer. She thought then that some one might come up with food, or with fire, and she would remove the barricade from her door. Even if Louis Griswold should be the first to come, the door had better be free, for it could be broken in; so the feeble opposition of the barricade would amount to nothing. With this idea she drew back the obstructions, and then went to the window and looked out.

This was Christmas morning! And where was she! And where was her mother! She knew that beneath the humble roof of Moses Allen preparations had been made for keeping this day with solemn festivity; and now, in this hour, what were the feelings beneath that roof? How much of joy could there be—how much of thought for the holy day? And the weather without was not calculated to inspire her feelings with relief. The sky was hung with leaden clouds; the wind howled mournfully through the leafless branches of the great trees; and a storm seemed riding in the air. She stood thus gazing out upon the scene of desolation, with an answering sense of desolation upon her heart, when she heard some one at her door. First there came a rap; and then she heard a key move in the lock. She stepped back towards the bed, and in a moment more Louis Griswold was in the room.

For some few seconds the maiden was oppressed with a sense of weakness. Her heart beat so rapidly, and her breath came and went so quickly, that she had to exert herself to command her faculties. But she was not long in summoning her powers to her aid. The need was great, and, fortunately, her soul was equal to the emergency. And then, when she looked upon the man who had thus intruded upon her, and the remembrance of his character came to her mind, her resolution arose to its highest point. She loathed him—she despised him—and she looked down upon him with scorn.

When Louis Griswold first entered the room, and saw the maiden shrink back, with the quivering look, he fancied that the conquest would be easy; but when the light came to her eye, and her lips were compressed, an idea of caution entered his mind.

"Maggie," he said, after gazing upon her a few moments, "I don't know exactly how you may like this visit; but here I am, and I have business here."

She did not reply to him; and after a little pause, he continued:

"You may as well know, first as last, that I press my suit now with authority; and you will be wise if you behave yourself."

"With what authority?" asked Maggie.

"With the authority of one in power."

"And may I ask, whence you derive your power?"

"From possession, my sweet one. Do you understand that?"

"I understand only this," replied the girl: "I am here against my will, and much violence was done in bringing me here. I have submitted thus far, partly because I was deceived, and partly because resistance might have made it worse for me——"

"And let me tell you," interrupted Griswold, "that resistance will make it worse for you still."

"I shall judge of that for myself," said Maggie.

"Pooh,—don't be a fool, my pretty one. You can't always be your own mistress. You have held a pretty fair rein thus far; and we fancy that you have driven long enough. And now just lend me your ear a moment: I told you that I had the authority and the power. I have before told you that I meant to possess you; so thus far the idea is plain. I am resolved to have you for my own, Miss Maggie; and I have the power to enforce my demand. Beyond this it can be only a question of time. And the time is now fixed upon. It is to be this very day. You need not be frightened."

"I am not frightened, sir."

"I thought you started."

"If I did, it was not with fear."

"Well you have no occasion for fear. I have made up my mind to treat you most honorably. You shall be my wife, Maggie—my lawful, wedded wife. What do you think of that?"

"It is all the same to me, sir," replied our heroine. "The marriage ceremony would not smooth the way at all."

"And yet we will have the ceremony performed," added Griswold. "It must be performed for my sake; for I mean that my possession shall be full and complete. Sir John has consented to marry us, and he is waiting; so let us go down at once. Come."

"Back, sir! Don't come any nearer to me."

"Nonsense! You aint in your cot now, with Roderic Glengyle to back you up in your folly. You must go with me."

"I shall not go!" was Maggie's reply, spoken in a whisper.

"But you must go. Come—I can't fool in this way."

"Back, sir!"

"Foolish girl, you——"

At this point Louis Griswold was interrupted. As he began to speak, he took a step forward; and Maggie, who had been standing directly against the head of the bed, caught up a pistol, and cocked it.

"Move a step nearer upon your peril!" she cried.

A moment the man stood irresolute. Should he be thus overcome by a girl? If he waited, she would gain a sure aim and conquer him. So, with a furious oath, he dashed towards her.

Maggie had hardly been prepared for this. She had fancied that the presence of the loaded pistol would hold him at bay, and her finger was not upon the trigger; and probably Griswold had seen this when he leaped forward. But the maiden was not without her senses; nor was she to be startled from the line of her salvation. If the villain overcame her, her doom was sealed. This was the one thought that filled her mind, and she acted upon the instinct of self-preservation, without heed of the consequences beyond that. As the wretch came upon her, she drew her arm back and fired. There was a sharp report—a blinding flash,—and as the smoke curled up between them Griswold uttered a hoarse cry, and staggered back.

With the same impulse still, thinking only of her own salvation, Maggie threw down the pistol she had discharged, and caught the other one from beneath the pillow. And it was fortunate that she did so, for her assailant had not been wholly disabled. The ball had hit him just upon the crown of the left shoulder; and the report of the pistol, so nigh to his ear, had partially stunned him. From the effects of the latter shock he quickly recovered, and having moved his arm, as though to satisfy himself that no bone was broken, he turned towards the maiden again, his hand clenched, and his face livid with rage.

"Hold!" she cried, "I have a sure aim this time. Advance again, and you die on the spot!"

Despite his rage Louis Griswold could see that his life was in danger. At a glance he comprehended the position of affairs. He saw the empty pistol upon the floor, and he knew that the one the girl now held in her hand must be loaded. And, furthermore, the aim was this time sure. He looked into the burning eye that was fixed upon him over the deadly weapon, and he could see that its fire was the offering of a resolute soul.

"Would you murder me?" he asked, moving back a pace.

"No, sir," she replied. "It is not in my heart to do a murder; but I will protect my own life and honor, even though the blood of ten thousand craven Tories should crimson my hand."

"But, Maggie—you are——"

"Stop! Listen to me, Louis Griswold;" and as the heroic maiden spoke, she drew herself more proudly up, a light more intense beamed from her dark eye; and the pistol was held with a steadier, firmer grip;—"with the honor of one pure heart in the scales, all the life-blood of all the recreant, apostate men in the colonies could not weigh down to the turning of the beam. You know me well enough to know that I am determined.——Don't approach me, sir. I would rather not kill you."

"One moment, Maggie,—just give me your ear for a single instant.—Ah—what is that?—Upon my soul, who comes there? I knew not of the door behind you!"

"Poor fool!" uttered the girl, in a tone of bitterest contempt. "Do you think to entrap me by so miserable a plot? Do you think that you can remove my eye from yourself while you are in my presence? If you do, sir, you are wofully deceived. No, sir! The bursting of a thunderbolt at my feet, or over my head, could not move my eye from its mark, nor change this loaded pistol from its aim. You may talk—you may plot—you may expostulate—or you may threaten; but you shall not move me from my guard. I know that I have the power now, and you shall submit. Do you hear me?"

Louis Griswold shrank back, foiled and chagrined. Aye, and more, too. He began to feel pain in his shoulder, and as he reached his hand up to the wound he found that the blood was flowing. He turned upon the maiden one look of fiendish wrath, and then clenched his hands as the curse fell from his lips.

"As the heavens are above us—as I live at this moment—I will have you at my feet ere this day's sun reaches its meridian! I swear it—and I will keep my oath!"

And with this Louis Griswold left the room, locking the door after him as he went away.

When Maggie knew that the wretch was gone, and that she was alone, she lowered the pistol, and sank back upon the bed. She was not faint, nor had her fortitude forsaken her; but she was weak, and her hand quivered nervously as she suffered the weapon to fall from her grasp. Where was this to end? What should come next? Would her messenger succeed? Could Roderic come to her rescue, even supposing that Cato found him? O, how much Maggie Burns had to pray for in that hour!

CHAPTER XV.

BOUND!

When Louis Griswold reached the drawing-room, he was about as wretched as man could be. He was mad, and he was mortified, and he was in pain. He found the baronet where he had left him, engaged in looking over the pages of some old newspapers which Doctor Andros had left.

"Ah, my Captain, how fares it?"

"Give me some brandy, Sir John."

"What! How is this? What is the matter with your shoulder?"

"Wait till I get some brandy, and then I'll tell you."

"But you bleed!"

"Never mind the bleeding. The brandy comes first. By the Holy Book, my baronet, there'll be more blood shed ere I meet another such shock. Ah—this is the water of life."

Griswold poured out a brimming glass of the liquor, and having drank it off, he approached the table where the host sat.

"Now," he said, "let us look to my wound. Will you help me, Sir John?"

"Certainly. But you have not told me yet how it came."

"I'll tell you as we remove the clothing. Ah-h! be easy—it's tender there. The hurt may be a bad one. Can you see?"

"I only see that some of the shreds of the cloth are driven into the wound. I guess it isn't a deep one. Is this some of Miss Maggie's work?"

"Yes," replied Griswold, with an oath. "She had a pair of loaded pistols. When she drew the first one, I sprang upon her, and got this charge in my shoulder, and a thunder-clap in my ear. Of course I fell back. Then she drew the second, and with that she held me at bay. By the saints of doom, she's a tigress—she's a perfect wild-cat!"

By this time the coat had been removed, the waistcoat taken off, and the shirt torn back. It was not a bad wound. The ball had simply broken the skin, rupturing some of the tiny blood-vessels near the surface, the pain being principally caused by the unburned powder which had been driven into the flesh.

"I am leech enough for this," said the baronet, after he had examined the wound. "If you will sit still a few moments, I'll cleanse it and dress it, and no one shall be the wiser."

The blood had already ceased to flow, and after a bit of washing, and the appplication of some lint, Sir John put on a bandage, and then the captain resumed his clothing. Another glass of brandy, and he was ready for consultation.

"Sir John, what do you think of it?"

The host expressed his opinion with an oath. He was mad and indignant. In fact, he felt almost as deeply as did his guest, and he allowed his feelings to sway him.

"By Saint Paul!" he said, "we'll conquer this girl if we have to kill her! I'll not be cheated of my revenge thus. I have sworn that she should be your wife, and your wife she shall be. If that rascally nephew of mine—that blot upon my family name—that curse upon my house—that rank, murderous rebel against his king—if he falls in with this wench again, he shall find her only to know that she is not worth the finding. As I live, I believe that she has had the baleful influence over him. I believe his head was turned by her wiles, and that by her art his soul was set against his king. So, my Captain, you shall marry her. It shall be so. It shall be this very day. Aye, and by the heavens above me, it shall be within this very hour! How will that suit you?"

"To perfection," replied Griswold, rubbing his hands with intense satisfaction. "That will jibe with my own promise."

"Then I will go and see her."

"Be careful, Sir John. I tell you she is a wild-cat.

"I understand," returned the baronet, with a nod of the head. "I intend to clip her claws the first thing. I have made up my mind what to do; and I shall do it. You may remain here until I send for you."

With this John Glengyle left the room, and when he reached the hall, he spent some little time in meditation. It was a curious work for such hands as his, but his soul was not above it. The possession of wealth had given him a place in society to which he could never have attained by any deserving of his own character or mental powers. At heart he was base and cowardly; and under the influence of revenge he could do things that might have shocked many a man who has ended his days upon a gibbet. He was doing a thing now that only the basest and most degraded soul could do. He was planning a work of fiendish malignity that might have won encomiums from the worst spirits of Tartarus. And yet he had no thought of shrinking from it. No—he was resolved upon it with all his might of decision. Out of revenge upon Roderic he would do it; and out of hate for the girl herself he would do it.

Ah, it was no new thing for John Glengyle to act the villain. There were records of the past which, for his very life, he would not have had revealed.

After a time he went out and called his groom and coachman. They were the two of his servants who had accompanied him to the widow's cot, and were, furthermore, fit for any work he had for them to do. All they asked in return was a little more money, and a little more rum. With them he went up to Maggie's chamber.

"You will stay here," he explained to them, "until you hear me call. Then you will rush in and do as I bid you. The girl has a pistol now, and I shall get it away from her before I call you in."

The men promised that they would be punctual, and then their master went to the door, and unlocked it. When he entered the room he found the maiden standing by the bed; and she had a pistol in her hand. His first impulse was one of extreme wrath; but that might not serve his purpose, so he curbed his passion, and approached her calmly.

"Maggie Burns," he said, stopping in the middle of the room, "what in the world are you doing?"

"I am protecting myself, sir," she replied, promptly. "I am seeking, in my own force, that protection which the house of John Glengyle cannot give to me."

"You are pert, Miss."

"But not yet a slave!" she added, growing stronger as she spoke. She had been weak when the host first entered, and her weapon was held with a trembling grasp; but she was calmer now, and her nerves were more steady.

Sir John felt another impulse to burst with passion, but he restrained himself.

"You are a curious girl," he said, with a curl of the lip; "and you might be a heroine if your cause was a good one. As it is, you are simply making yourself a criminal. Do you realize what you have done?"

"I have done nothing wrong, sir."

"And do you call it nothing wrong to murder the subjects of your king?"

"I own no king. Let those who choose to bow the neck do so. I am not one of them!"

"You are a true type of the Rebel, Maggie Burns."

"If to assert the right of a people to self-government be rebellion, then call me a Rebel, sir."

"But, my fair lady," said the baronet, with a tinge of sarcasm in the address, but with something of argumentativeness as he proceeded, "rebellion is the act of rising against the authorized government, and seeking to overthrow the duly constituted powers."

"And who constituted these powers, sir?" returned the maiden, warmly. "Where is the ruler of whom you speak, and who is he? What sympathy has he with these colonies? His only aim is to rule and oppress. The heel of the foreign monarch has been upon us long enough. Do you call it rebellion? Call it so if you will. If the defending of our own firesides against a mercenary foe be rebellion, then make the most of it. Who struck the first blow? Who sent armed men among us? Who cast the torch upon the great fabric of our nation? Do you remember Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill? Who is it that even now would march an army upon our Federal Capitol? Who is it hat threatens to destroy all that is healthy and pure in our land? O, I tell you, John Glengyle, in the great day, when the God of Nations shall call the rulers of earth to account, King George will have a fearful reckoning to settle. O—call you it rebellion to oppose such as he? Call you it rebellion for a people to seek just and equitable laws? Call you it rebellion for a nation to covet LIBERTY? Aye—aye," cried Maggie, raising her head to its proudest hight, while her dark eye flashed heroic fire, "Liberty for ourselves; Liberty for our children; and Liberty for our children's children, through all the coming years of our nation's life! O, the theme is glorious! It is an inspiration of God himself!"

For the life of him John Glengyle could not spring upon the maiden then. While she had been speaking, so absorbed was she in her subject that she allowed the pistol to fall almost to her side. The man had noticed the opportunity; but while the burning, thrilling words were sounding upon his ear, he could not move. There was in her flashing eye, in her soul-lit face, and in her inspired tones, a power that fixed him where he stood. After a little while, however, he arose from the spell; and with a shake of the head, and a dubious smile upon his face, he said:

"I won't stop to argue the question with you now. I came hither for a different purpose. Are you aware of what you have done?"

He spoke so solemnly as he asked this question, and looked so serious, that the maiden was startled. Still she repeated,—

"I have done nothing wrong."

"Poor, misguided child, what do you think will become of you! Where do you imagine Louis Griswold is?"

"Where is he?" asked Maggie, in a whisper.

"Where do you think?"

"Did I—I—"

"Why don't you ask the question boldly. You were ready enough to fire upon him. Why are you afraid to ask if you have killed him? Alas, Maggie Burns, your hands are——"

Maggie had not the disposition to keep the loaded pistol pointed upon Sir John, and gradually she had allowed it to sink by her side; and when her attention had been fully entrapped, the man sprang upon her, and called aloud for his servants, who came quickly into the chamber. The baronet's orders were few and to the point. He bade his men sieze the girl, and bind her; and when this had been done, he suffred her to sit down.

"Now, my fair tigress," he said, allowing his real disposition to manifest itself, "we'll see how much longer you'll rebel against us. Wait where you are, and you shall soon know what has become of Louis Griswold. Perhaps you think you will sometime be the wife of Roderic Glengyle. O, miserable witch-cat, I have you safe enough! You'll do no more enticing of nephews and heirs!"

So brutal, so fiendish, and so cowardly were the words, that Maggie had not the power to reply. She gazed upon the man as she would have gazed upon one who had suddenly been transformed into a beast before her; and while she gazed, he turned and left the room, leaving his two menials to keep guard over her while he was gone.

She asked the men what their master meant to do.

They shook their heads in reply.

She looked into their faces, and one of them asked her if she wouldn't like her pistol back again. She saw that he was making sport of her misery, and she turned from him.

By and by John Glengyle came back, and with him came Louis Griswold. The Tory captain showed no sign of hurt, save that his left cheek was slightly flushed, with here and there a tiny spot of darker hue, where grains of powder had found their way beneath the skin. When he saw the maiden bound he moved towards her, and a look of fiendish exultation was upon his face.

"So, my pretty one, you are fast, are you! How is it with you now?"

As Maggie gazed from the wretch who thus addressed her to the man who sustained him in his infamous purpose, a sense of utter helplessness came upon her; but she did not show it. Not yet would she give up all hope. While she had life she would not willingly bow the head to such a power.

"Now, my fair one," Griswold continued, as the girl made him no reply, "you are mine, and no power of earth or heaven can come in between us. You have run your race, and are caught at last."

In a low whisper Maggie asked him what he meant.

"I mean what I say," he answered. "You are mine. You are my wife."

"No, sir!"

"But you very quickly will be; so it's all the same."

At this point John Glengyle stepped forward.

"Come," he said, addressing the captain, "we may as well have this business done with. It will take but a few moments. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir John. You may tie the knot as quickly as you please."

Maggie Burns started up from her chair; but her bonds restrained her from further motion, and she sank back again.

"What would you do?" she cried. "What is this thing of which you speak?"

"You are to be married," replied the baronet.

"You are to be my wife," added Griswold.

"Never!" she said. "You are mad and crazy to think of such a thing. You cannot mean it. You only say this to frighten me."

"You shall see how much we mean," retorted the baronet. "Come, my Captain, stand up by her side. We must have some form about it."

"Back!" exclaimed Maggie, starting again to her feet, and this time standing erect. "Back, and listen to me one moment. I see through your villainous design; but it cannot succeed. Louis Griswold, I tell you it cannot succeed. I know that you mean to perform this base mockery of a service, and thus claim me as your victim! Aye, and I know more,—I can see it in the character of your proceedings. This mockery is but to give a shadow of decency to the foul consummation you hope to arrive at beneath the roof of the man who dares not give to the light of day the wicked deeds he can do! O, I tell you it cannot succeed!"

"We shall see," muttered Griswold, advancing towards her.

"Hold! I have not said all yet." And as our heroine thus spoke the old spirit of inspiration seemed to arise to sustain her. "Louis Griswold, as true as God lives you are rushing on to your own destruction. I would rather die than be the base thing you would make me; but to die is not my wish. I will not die if I can help it. O! in the name of Heaven, hear me. If I fall—if I fall beneath your accursed wiles—I shall be a dangerous thing. In the hands of Fate I shall be a scourge and an avenger! When I am blighted—if the terrible blight shall come—I shall spend my life for my suffering country, and her enemies will I slay if I have the power. And you—*you*—YOU, Louis Griswold, shall pay the penalty of your crime with the blood that flows deepest in your heart! Listen to me, and beware!—Listen, and take heed; for, if the holy promise of my best life be crushed in its early blossom, I shall be mad and vengeful in my fall!"

From before that bound and helpless maiden the base man shrank back and trembled. He had not hardihood to tempt his own fate thus. He saw in her eye, in her look, and in her proud and lofty bearing, that she was not speaking idly. If he persisted in his purpose, his life could not be safe.

"Well," said the baronet, "what will you do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll let this marriage ceremony pass, and I'll bear her to a prison where she shall have time and opportunity for reflection. Such a prison there is at my command, with a dungeon dark, deep, and strong; and thither I'll take her, bound as she is, and let her starve and die for the hungry rats, if she will! You shall be troubled no more with her, Sir John. Will you lend me your men to accompany me to the river?"

"With all my heart," cried the host. "Aye—command me as you will. Let me be assured that the wild-cat shall be tamed and subdued, and you shall have all the aid I can give you."

"Then let's have her off at once. Deliver her to me in the court, Sir John, and I'll see to the rest."

At a sign from their master the two menials seized the maiden and lifted her from the floor. They were stout, strong men, and they bore her easily out from the chamber. She did not struggle—she could not—for her energies were well nigh exhausted; and to beg for mercy she knew would be useless.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The alarm of war had sounded through all the land. There was fierce, overflowing excitement everywhere, and war news was circulated, and war prices calculated in all the marts of commerce, or wherever men most congregated. In homes and by firesides, on lonely pillows, and in the sacred solitudes of maiden's chambers, women wept and bemoaned themselves, and waited for the blow that was to fall most heavily upon their shrinking shoulders. For them was not the barbaric pageantry of men, for them not the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the trumpet's call, nor the wild thirst of carnage that deadens the soldier's finer instincts in the hour of battle. For them no glorious rewards, no triumph-bursts, no hour of victory paling the memory of every hardship by the brightness of its joy. For these, wives, mothers, sisters, girls with yet unacknowledged titles to the meed man bestows on woman, was only the long waiting and weeping. Perhaps the conqueror, fresh from the blood-red fields he had won, exultant in victory, might come hereafter to sun himself in their smiles, but between this hour and that what a wild gap of horror and suffering! Ah, well is it for woman that God has bestowed upon her patience and fortitude!

Orders had come to Gunpowder Barracks that the troops stationed there for months—I know not but for years—in the dull inaction of peace, were at length to move forward. All was bustle and excitement in the barrack yard and in the officers' quarters. The officers, secure for a season, as they thought, had gradually made homes for themselves, drawing about them their families, and enjoying the happiness of domestic life, for them so often interrupted. And the privates, too, had their own little and most humble homes in the barrack yard, and cultivated the fireside virtues to the visible improvement of their manners and the loss of many a dollar to the rum shops that clustered about the pickets of the garrison.

But the pleasant holiday-time of soldier-life, the brief dream of home and its joys, was rudely broken. "Men must go to the wars, and women must stay at home." It is a pleasant thought—that of fighting for homes and firesides, but every battle-field desolates its scores of these, and every blow struck falls not more keenly on quivering muscle, and shrinking nerve, than on some woman's aching heart, in which it makes a wound that time nor medicaments may heal.

And so it came to pass that a deeper sadness rested on the faces of women than of men that day, and though the soldier's moustache caught the bright tear-drop that was no shame to his bravery, tears of blood, as it were, fell heavily from women's hearts.

It was indeed a sorrowful group that stood that day watching, from the little garrison wharf, the departure of the steamers whose decks were filled with men, and from which the roll of drum and the trumpet's blare came mellowed into one tone of indescribable sadness over the glancing waters of the bay. A common grief had for a time annihilated all distinctions of rank or caste. The delicate, high-bred wife of the colonel of the regiment, and the daughter of the common soldier, in working woman's dress, and with working woman's hard hands wiping away the tears that dimmed eyes that strove to look their last on one manly form, drew nearer each other, and exchanged glances of sympathy as the distant headland shut out the martial array, and the music died in faintest echoes that told them that they were alone.

And yet the officer's wife might go back to her narrow but comfortable garrison quarters, while the families of the common soldiers were suddenly made quite homeless and desolate. Two or three of these women had gone with the regiment as laundresses, but the rest were to shift for themselves, and battle with poverty as best they might.

Mary Dawson, when the bright pageant had quite faded from her eyes, and the distant trumpet notes no longer faintly reached her ears, turned away and sought the poor little room that for two years had been her home. In her arms she carried the baby, and by the hand she led the little girl of three summers, so suddenly left fatherless. They were homeless, too, for she returned to her room only to gather together her little furniture and clothing, and make ready to remove to the quarters which she had procured in the village. Already the old sergeant in charge had warned the soldiers' wives that they must vacate their barrack homes at once.

Mary was a fair, sweet little woman. A soldier's daughter and a soldier's wife, she had known little of the refinements of life. She had spent her days in wandering from military post to military post with her mother, while she lived, afterwards alone, or with only the rude protection of uncultured soldiers' wives. But hers was one of those natures to which nothing evil ever adheres. She was as pure in soul, as delicate in feeling and thought, that day of her bereavement, as the colonel's wife or the major's daughters, weeping apart in the solitude of their own chambers, over their own desolation.

She had energy, too, though none would have guessed it, looking upon her small frame, that almost tottered beneath her baby's weight. In this hour, perhaps, it was that very infant burden, and the clinging of little hands that had no other support, that lent her the strength that soon completed her preparations. When night fell she put her children to rest in her new home, and sat down alone beside the cheerful fire, not basking in its blaze, nor hearing the pleasant hum of the kettle, but with thoughts that would wander sadly after the departed ones, or wonderingly into the dim future that lay before her.

But work is an excellent panacea for grief and loneliness, and Mary had enough of this. She had not only to care for her children, but to earn the money wherewith they were to be fed and clothed. So, busy as she had to be, she had little time to indulge in grief. And, truth to say, her affection for her husband was more that of habit, of use, than any vital emotion. He was a coarse, rude man, whose higher instincts, if he had any, slumbered undeveloped. He loved strong drink and soldiers' games, and his worst faults had thriven in the monotonous idleness of barrack life.

He had a great love of discipline, too, and enforced it rigidly in his home, and Mary had been the slave of this small, swaggering tyrant, and had known much privation and suffering, and endured blows from a heavy hand, made heavier and more brutal by drink.

Still she had loved him as such clinging natures will love, and had accepted him as her fate, when told to marry him by her father, a disciplinarian as stern, but of kinder mold. But it is not to be questioned that, now he was quite away, and she had her little ones and her home quite to herself, she was happier than she had ever been. And yet she was not without many apprehensions, and deep anxiety, longing for battle news, and listening impatiently as a slow neighbor read out the list of killed and wounded, when the news came of the first engagement, in which the —th had taken part.

And in this anxiety she lived almost until the war ended. Her husband never wrote; if he had been able he would not, for he thought but lightly of woman's fears and anxieties, so that she had no news of him directly, in all those passing months. The ladies at the garrison often had letters, and from them Mary learned much of the news of the regiment, gladly imparted to their humble friend, in the common cause. And it was from one of these that she heard, at length, the welcome news that the regiment was coming home.

Welcome news to the lady whose husband, safe and well, and crowned with military honors, was coming to lay his laurels at her feet! But was it welcome to poor Mary Dawson, who must now exchange her cheerful, quiet home, the pleasant order and comfort of that little room, the bright affection of her children, and her own well-used freedom, for narrow barrack quarters, small tyranny, and the constant presence of a brutal husband? She gave herself much blame because, in her heart, she had involuntarily cherished a doubt of it, and awaited trembling, but with cheerful mien, the expected arrival.

The regiment came home, but Private John Dawson no longer answered his name at roll-call. It was not certain that he was dead, it was by no means certain that he was a deserter, though there were favorers of both theories. But that he had disappeared during one of the expeditions of his company into a Floridian swamp, when, harassed and closely followed and surrounded by Indians, they were endeavoring to return to camp, admitted of no doubt. If he had escaped the Indians, or the quagmires that spread treacherously all around beneath the green and flower-decked tussocks that lured to destruction, he might soon return. That was all, even of conjecture, that she could learn.

There was still but patient waiting for Mary. Years of it, for John Dawson did not return; the regiment went into distant quarters, at the close of the war, and her means of communication with this only link that bound her to her husband became infrequent and uncertain. And at length, when more than eight years had passed, and no tidings had come of the missing man, Mary accepted the belief that had long obtained among her neighbors, and began to speak of John Dawson, at times, in those low hushed tones that the voice involuntarily assumes in mention of the dead.

Then it was that glimpses of a new and perhaps happier life opened to her. She was still young, and the habit of care and thought, the responsibility of her children's training, had given character to her fair, sweet face. A new class of emotions came now to brighten it. Mary was sought in marriage by one she could both love and honor, and when she came into church, on a Sunday morning, in quiet simple dress, and leaning on the arm of her lover, everybody said that a lovelier bride had never knelt before that altar, though ladies of high degree had there taken upon themselves their marriage vows.

Mary had not married much above her station. Her new-made husband was a small tradesman, owning a pretty house, and doing a snug and flourishing business. His wife, and her little children, found a real home, of quiet order and contentment, beneath his roof. There they were as happy as commonplace mortals often are, and there, a little less than two years from the period of this marriage, another babe was born.

On the Sabbath anniversary of her marriage, Mary went for the first time to church, since the birth of her child, leaving her oldest girl, a child of twelve, at home to play the part of nurse to the much-loved baby brother.

Quietly happy, yet not without certain maternal anxieties, she proceeded homeward at the close of the services, leaning on her husband's arm. At the gate she paused to exchange greetings with some acquaintances, and as she stood there the faint odor of tobacco came home to her through the open windows of the house. She cast an inquiring glance at her husband, and hastened up the walk.

What a sight met her eyes as she entered! In one corner crouched her two girls, terror depicted on their small, tear-stained faces. From some distant room came the faint wails of her baby, while on the pretty sofa, drawn near the open window, a big, bearded man lay stretched, smoking a pipe, and glaring upon her with deadly hate. The fumes of spirits filled the room, contending with the foul odor of coarse tobacco.

It needed but a glance to explain all. The fiend had entered this fair Paradise—John Dawson had returned. Not dead—perhaps not a deserter, since he had returned to a dangerous vicinage to his former quarters, were it so; but alive, angry, powerful perhaps—how powerful she knew not—to tear her from this home of peace, to separate her children from her, to blot out every hope and joy that had bloomed in the one arid soil of her heart.

Words cannot paint a scene like that. The actors in it never could describe it, but doubtless it was fearful as bad passions, stimulated by strong drink to demoniac fury, could make it; as grief, and terror, mother's fears, man's strong love, woman's undying devotion could make it.

Mary, led by the husband she *loved*, soon found herself shut safely into a distant room to quiet her shrieking babe, thrown rudely there by the brute who had compelled the attendance of his own children upon the orgies that had disgraced that quiet home, on that Sabbath morning. Presently, too, the weeping children were brought to her by the same hand, and the two men were left to settle their difficulties, as best they might.

Calm strength, conscious probity, prevailed. In an hour or two, Mary heard the gate close, and saw the tall gaunt form swagger down the street. Present contamination was removed from her home.

"He will not further trouble you, nor your little ones," the husband said, as he came to Mary's side. "I have bought him off. I will buy his absence and silence if it take all, *all* I have, or can have."

"But I, too, must go," Mary said, low and sad. "I have been thinking—if I am not his wife, I am not yours. Yes, I see it all, we must part—if we have lived unconsciously in sin, we will not perpetuate the wrong. Let me take my children, *all* of them," and she clasped her baby in a closer clasp, "and go now from my home and happiness."

No words could change her purpose. She believed herself right, and the habit of obedience, once the product of unquestioning discipline, now served to make her yield unshrinkingly to principle. The sun went down on sorrowful hearts that Sabbath evening, within the precincts of that once happy home. And he who had caused this grief, sat in a low tavern beside the wharf, drinking himself fast into terrible unconsciousness.

But Mary had done no conscious wrong, and Providence, sending the trial for wise purposes, doubtless, yet did not leave her to utter despair. The dark man, in his strange dress and unclipped hair and beard, who had drank in the low tavern, lay dead beside the table he had refused to leave, when the morning dawned. He had not consummated the full measure of the wrong he intended. He had gone to his reward, and the victim he had almost grasped was free. I think there was slight mourning in that cottage when these tidings reached it.

It is said that Mary's conscience, *tender* and scrupulous, made a second marriage ceremony indispensable to her acceptance of her assured happiness. She, the once poor soldier's wife, lives still happily with a fond husband and blooming children around her, in her lovely cottage home.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—A queen bee lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year.—It is estimated that no less 200 different species of caterpillars feed upon the oak.—The slower the growth of the oak, the more durable the wood.—Bees, beetles, dragon-flies, gnats, spiders, &c., have minute animalculæ upon their bodies.—The roe of the perch, only half a pound in weight, has been found to contain 280,000 eggs.—The larva of the silkworm weighs, when hatched, about 1000th part of a grain previously to its first metamorphosis; it increases 95 grains, or 9500 times its original weight.—The sting of a bee consists of two long darts, adhering longitudinally, and strongly protected by one principal sheath. In stinging, the sheath is first inserted, then the two darts protrude, and make a further puncture: each dart has nine or ten barbs at the point.

PROGRESS.—There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

AN IDYL OF THE DAY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

Once the stern glory of our race
From the far West and East
Came in a multitude to grace
A royal marriage-feast.

All of the beautiful and free,
The noble and the great,
Thronged with their gracious company
Columbia's House of State.

Along the broad successive rooms
The silken banners stirred,
And waved beneath the dusky plumes
Of Freedom's matchless bird.

And fruits and flowers of every land
The sweet sun smiles upon,
By blushing Plenty's generous hand
Were prodigally strown.

High in the golden turrets hung
Great bells that to and fro
By the strong arm of Triumph swung,
Peal'd solemnly and slow;

And lesser bells of silver chime
Rung merrily—and dim
Soft wedding tunes kept mellow time
To a majestic hymn,

Whose burden the thrill'd nation took
Thro' grand responsive bars,
And with the mighty chorus shook
The crimson and the stars!

All conquests of the human race
Swell'd those victorious strains—
Freedom, with stern uplifted face,
Breaking a Tyrant's chains;

Strong knowledge reaping the rich spoils
Of science, art, and truth,
Endeavor sow'd with bitter toil
In the world's rugged youth.

Here Peace, with mild persuasive hand,
Touched a few pastoral bars,
And there, along the basso grand
Thundered a thousand wars!

And when the wild melodious roar
Of the great hymn was past,
Came thro' each massive oaken door
A trumpet's thrilling blast;

And the grave chaplains, two and two,
Stood in the midst and cried—
Bring forth the royal hearts and true,
The Bride-groom and the Bride!

To "Hail Columbia's" stirring strains
They led them proudly forth—
Lord of a thousand hills and plains
The lion-hearted North;

With all the roses of the year
Dyeing her cheeks and mouth,
Smiling, the lovely Bride walked near,
The dark-eyed, queenly South!

Sublime, the morning Son of Truth,
Shone at the Bride-groom's side,
And Liberty, divine with youth,
Was Bride-maid to the Bride.

Crowned with her native orange wreaths
The sweet South blushing stood,
With endless summer's passionate breatns
Enkindling her rich blood—

And where against the North's great shield
An hundred wars had blown,
Upon its mighty azure field
The star of Beauty shone!

She with her perfumed sighs, that crossed
His lips, by winter seared,
Melted the white gems of the frost
That glittered in his beard;

And as upon his breast she hung—
While he her red lips kissed—
Around her loveliness he flung
His wild New England mist.

Eclipsed in this pure bridal vail,
At glory's altar they,
While the vast company stormed "All Hail!"
Were made one flesh for aye.

And they were wed. Around them sprung
A noble race, and bold—
Daughters, the fairest ever sung,
And sons of princely mould.

Above their mighty House of State
The great bells swayed and rang
And "Yankee Doodle," early and late,
Young independence sang.

Far up in Freedom's morning light
The sentinel eagles flew,
Guarding the glory of the white,
The crimson and the blue!

* * * * * *

What wail is this that shakes the land,
Blanching the face of day,
From Mississippi's gulf-worn strand
To Naragansett Bay?

From Florida's dim everglades
To Kansas' smiling plains,
From far Nebraska's forest shades
To Vermont's mountain-chains?

Connecticut with drooping crest
Sits weeping by the main;
And Pennsylvania's iron breast
Heaves with a mighty pain!

On every fertile slope and plain
Along her lovely coast,
Proud Maryland mourns with bitter pain
Her dream of glory lost!

For broken are the golden calms
That lapped our Country's shrines,
From Carolina's stately palms
To Maine's primeval pines.

The serpent of Dissension rears
His deadly crest of flame
Where, leaning on their broken spears,
Liberty, Union, Fame,

Mourn at the altar where their vows
Were rendered, when they stood
With Victory's palm-wreath on their brows
Dabbled in kindred blood.

And must it be the awful fate
Of fair Columbia's race
To clasp the hands of War and Hate
Across dead Union's face?

To mourn the broken household gods
Of Truth and Liberty,
Where the great West's untamed floods
Dash downward to the sea?

Must North and South in bitter scorn
Fling off the golden tie
That bound them on their marriage-morn
In holy Unity?

And oh! must the young orphan-States
Cry terribly to God
For vengeance on the ruthless hates
That waste a brother's blood?

The same great eye looks grandly down
That smiled upon their troth,
And ties of State have mightier grown
Than erewhile bound them both—

And the old law reads sternly yet—
Sprung of Mosaic root—
What God hath joined together, let
NO man asunder put!

From burning depths of unwept tears,
Thro' trembling lips apart,
This cry rolls up against the spheres
From many a woman's heart—

Oh Thou that holdest in Thy hand
The sequels of all Time,
Save, save the future of this land
The present's weary crime:

Let the wild memory of her shame
Lie with forgotten years,
And the red blot from her fair name
Wash Thou with woman's tears!

God! Through our mother-agony
Thou lead'st thy champions forth
The guardians of the true and free
Alike of South and North;

Then, for *our* sad sakes that have given
Such heroes to the past,
Stretch Thou thy strong arm out of Heaven
And stay this thunder-blast!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSEQUENCES.

Time passed on, without much to mark one day from another, as they went by.

Nelly still continued to earn a scanty living for herself and child, at the ill-paid but not over-laborious work she had engaged in, and to which she was more reconciled, from the fact that it left her at liberty to be the companion and instructress of her child, so far as her own capacity went.

Little Ida was, if not a remarkably apt, at least a persevering scholar, and the more determinedly gave her mind to the learning to read, that she knew Tom had a hand in the making of the books; indeed, she ascribed to him a share in every printed page which met her eye.

Their friendship had increased with time; and with new inducements Tom became more inventive in excuses for being so constant a visitor. Now it was a curtain he could put up better than Nelly could, he was sure; now he had discovered a lock to be repaired; now he had a patent method for curing the chimney of smoking, or he had found a bit of board that would make a first-rate shelf; but the happiest hit of all was the canary. He had brought the most choice songster of the little colony to Goswell street, in a cage of his own construction; it was indeed a happy moment for little Ida when she saw the pretty creature domiciled over her own little corner by the window, and learnt that it was to be her property henceforth.

Not a day could go by but Tom must inform himself on the state of the canary's health; there was seed to bring, too, and the cage to clean out, which Tom, artful lad, had stipulated he should be permitted to do.

Nelly was nothing loth, when she had once informed herself of the boy's disposition, for she felt herself to be but a poor companion for the little one, whose infirmity would tend to isolate her evermore from those of her own age. Since the visit of the claimant to her ring—who had never, of course, made his appearance again—her spirits had sunk lower, and her health grew more enfeebled. At times she would brighten up, and beguile her weariness with visions of a future made brighter by some turn of fortune or unexpected chance; but soon the recollection of her forlorn state, the uncertainty of her husband's fate, the helplessness of her deformed child, and, more than all, remorse for her own fatal error in the past, would again cast a gloomy shade upon the path that lay before her.

For the sake of her girl only she cared to live, and even now it needed all the kind and considerate persuasion of her friend, Agnes Chaunce, to prevent her falling into a fatal despondency.

But poor Agnes herself needed consolation. Her father had been gradually sinking into utter imbecility; it was not possible to quit him for a minute, and his claims upon her time did not permit her to devote herself to her work, as it was necessary she should do, for them to live by it.

There was another source of trouble, too; the same ill-disposed person who had prejudiced her old landlady against her found an opportunity to spread whispers to her disadvantage, which reached the place where she found employment, and Agnes soon felt the consequence in the whispered sneers and half-uttered taunts of her fellow-workers; girls who, perhaps, had all been known, could have less borne scrutiny than the much-enduring and remorseful Agnes.

But she bore all bravely, taking it as part of the punishment due to her error, and tried the more to occupy herself with her father, and, if possible, to satisfy his fretful requests and unconscionable requirements; for the man who, in health, had been always selfish, was, in derangement and suffering, almost unendurable.

Still, as I have said, the girl bore up, worked when he slept, and denied herself almost necessaries to give the invalid the luxuries he craved; she had ever a word of comfort for her desponding neighbor, when she could creep up, now and then, for a minute or two; or Nelly would stop on her way, in or out, to ask could she do an errand, or perform some domestic duty for her friend.

But for some days past Agnes had been even the saddest of the two. Some terrible grief seemed struggling within, her eyes were heavy with weeping, her cheek flushed as with feverish thought, and, at times, wild ejaculations broke from her that showed a mind strangely disturbed and ill at ease.

Noticing these symptoms, and attributing them to some such distracting memories as were too apt to distress herself, Nelly had forborne to acquaint her friend with the circumstance of the old man calling upon her to claim the ring, and for some time after that event they saw little of each other.

Mrs. Grejons had, by some means, discovered the object of Tom's frequent absences, and protested against it with her usual show of vehemence.

She went as far as to invite Mr. Thatcher to the house to tea, when they openly treated of Tom's prospects in the presence of that young gentleman, who must, by some means, have made a deep impression upon the mind of the placid barber, as he subsequently imparted to a friend, in confidence, his conviction that that boy of Grejons's would be "one too many for some of 'em, one of these days."

The birds, too, were voted such a nuisance that they were consigned to the back kitchen, but on Tom discovering that the single young man lodger down stairs had presumed to feed his colony in his absence, he protested against it so vehemently, declaring his determination to take a loft away from home, and keep his birds there, if he "mightn't have 'em in peace and quietness in the old place," that the cage was restored to the kitchen with the proviso that Tom should resume with more regularity that half hour in the evening which he had been accustomed to devote to errand-fetching or posting letters for the lodgers.

So peace, or, at least, an amnesty was purchased.

"I don't know what she should be so set again me going there for," Tom soliloquized. "There can't be no harm in them; Mrs. Franklen is just as good as can be, and the little thing—why, if mother would but take to her she might come to our place, if her mother could be brought to let her, and she'd be as handy—ah, a deal more than many twice her size; but I don't know how it is, whatever I do never *is* right with mother, unless it's work, work, and tear and rush from morning till night. I've been at it hard enough, goodness knows, these three days, but, please the pigs, I'll get down there to-night, and what a treat I'll have for Idy, too—won't she jump and laugh!—I do like to see her laugh."

Tom was running from one of his journeys with proof of which he had spoken to his little companion. Peculiar to these errands was a sort of trot he adopted with a jolting monotonous whistle accompaniment, and between the pauses generally some half-spoken meditation as the present, often a curious jumble of the subjects that happened just then to occupy his mind.

He was contemplating a slight increase of the very limited pay he received at the printing office, and which he hoped to persuade his mother to relinquish all claim upon, as a fund for his own private use.

Doubtless his small companion and favorite had a share in the brilliant schemes of which this prospective acquisition of money was to form the nucleus. But Tom had no such vivid imagination that the mere exercise of it should bring the object of his thoughts into sight, much less hearing, and it was with a start, almost of dismay, that he heard the voice of the child close behind him cry out in tones of distress—

"Oh! there's Tom! there's dear, good Tom! please tell him, please let me—Tom! Tom!"

He turned sharply round, and, emerging from a street he had just crossed, beheld Ida in the grasp of a policeman, who was leading her along, deaf to her tears, and unmoved by her pale face and trembling limbs, which, alas! he looked on as but so many nicely acted tricks of trade. They were followed by a pursy, bilious-looking man, whom Tom recognized in a moment as a baker in the neighborhood, noted for his hard-heartedness and severity with all the youth of the locality.

Her little bonnet pushed back from her head, her little cape all awry, one hand stretched out imploringly to her friend and ally, Tom, with eyes streaming with tears through the dishevelled curls over the pale cheeks, the hapless little culprit looked the picture of despair.

With one bound Tom was at her side, his heart in his mouth, figuratively so to speak, it might have been literally, so hoarse was his articulation of the few words he managed to gasp out as he clutched the little hand within one of his own, and putting his arm around the shoulder of the panting and terrified child, for the moment arrested their progress.

"What's the—where—what's it for?"

"Oh, ah," returned the sapient functionary, with a look that was meant to be a forcible comment on his words, "what's it for? You don't know nothing, do you?—oh, no, no! Now you just move on there, and take yourself off, or else it'll be 'what's it for?' in another quarter."

"No, I know him," said the baker, who had remarkably good authority for what he said; "I know his mother—a very respectable woman is Mrs. Grejons."

"Respectable or no, it aint for him to interfere with the course of justice," retorted its functionary. "Now, then, young feller!"

"You be hanged!" Tom burst out, impetuously and disrespectfully; "can't you tell?"

The policeman made no reply, save by flinging off Tom's arm, and again urging his small prisoner forward. But the boy still kept hold of Ida's hand, and continued to move with them, followed by a group of juvenile spectators, who cheered Tom, and "ya-ahed!" at the "bobby" from a respectful distance.

"It's a case of smashing, then, Master Grejons," said the baker, "and as barefaced a one as ever I see, and I've trounced a pretty many, and trounce 'em I will, so long as I've breath to say the words——"

"You'd best keep what you've got to say for his worship," said the policeman; then, with a significant look at Tom, he added, "There'll be more to say than some bargained for."

"It's a pack of lies!" shouted Tom. "Why, I know them well, her and her mother; she'd no more go to smashing than me."

"That's very likely," growled the policeman. "Are you a-going to clear off now, before I make you?"

"I'm doing no harm, nor hindering of your duty," said Tom, boldly, and trying to speak with dignity; "but where you take her I am going, and that's all about it."

The policeman, however, with an insistence on the exactness of his duty which it was well if he always followed, at once perceived his advantage. He took the only available hand of the little girl in his own, and the other being, as usual, shrouded in the loose sleeve, her gallant protector was reduced to the position of an unattached, but he kept well up with them, and now and again found means to whisper an encouraging word, or to touch the shoulder of the poor, terror-stricken child, who was evidently much relieved by his vicinity.

A short walk brought them to the police-court, where the magistrate was at the time sitting. There was the usual motley crowd about the entrances of the court, through which the policeman, however, made way without difficulty.

"Look'ee there, at that young un," said one of the dirty, slatternly women of whom the crowd was chiefly composed; "what's she been a-doing on?"

"Smashing," said a lad—one of those who had made one of the little procession from the first.

"Why, she's got but one arm," exclaimed another. "Poor mite!"

"Oh, ah, that's just their dodge," replied a third; "of all things they likes to get holt of a cripple. Nothink softens the beaks like a child; the more deformed or hinnocenter-looking the better."

The speaker held in her arms a sickly, puling infant, of some six months old, which had not improbably done good service on more than one such occasion, she being there to plead for a drunken husband, and being no doubt experienced in the theory which she had just set forth.

"Poor child! she doesn't look to have much harm in her; I'd never have taken her for a bad one," said a young woman, who stood a little apart from the crowd. She was very pretty, though faded, rather smartly dressed, and kept a handkerchief to one of her eyes.

"You here again!" the policeman said, as he stood aside with his prisoner, to make room for a couple of his brethren and their charge, just passing in.

"Ah," she replied, "he's been at it again. See what he give me last night."

She removed the handkerchief, and exhibited an eye fearfully blackened, and almost closed, as by a blow.

"I wish they'd look sharp, I know," she continued, "for I want to get back to work."

"You'll bail him out again?"

"Of course; what else can I do?"

"More fool you," said the woman who had before spoken. "I'd bail him, trust me!"

"He'll give you one too many, some fine day," said the officer.

"Nay, not he!" said his wife. "He's as quiet as a lamb when the drink's not in him. Bless you, this very minute, I'll wager he's crying like a child."

"I'd give him summit to cry for," responded the virago, with an oath.

"There isn't a better man than my Bill going—not when he's sober," responded the young woman; "it's just the drink——"

"Cuss the drink," said a stout, short woman, who had not before spoken! "I wish there wasn't a drop in the world, that I do. I was lushy myself three days last week, and I lost two pawn-tickets out of my pocket, or they was stolen, that was worth fifty pound to me. That's what I'm here about."

"Stocker's been steady now for a good bit, too," said a man who stood near the wife. "I was hoping he'd got over it."

"Oh, it's them he's among," said the young woman. "He'd be right enough as far as depends on himself; but one of the gentlemen had a benefit last night, and he was very free with the men, treating 'em, and that. A very little upsets my master, God help him!"

"So he give you a benefit," said one, with a grin.

"He should take the pledge," put in another.

The woman did not seem to heed them much; she had moved closer to the little group, and was engaged in observing little Ida.

Meanwhile, Tom had found the opportunity to slip between the crowd until he stood close behind her, and, amid the hubbub of the court, he could speak to her freely.

"Ida," he asked, "where is your mother? how was you out by yourself?"

"Oh, Tom," said the child, tearfully, "mother has been so ill for three days, and this morning she could not get up out of bed, and there was no breakfast; so she let me go to the baker—and, oh, what will they do, Tom? mother will be so bad, and me not there; and she won't know what has become of me!"

The tears swelled to her eyes again, but she was too much awed to let them fall. Instinctively, amid the rude crowd, she turned to Tom as her only stay and guardian, and, unable to give him her hand, she leaned back her head till her poor feverish cheek touched the course apron and corduroys behind her, as if they had constituted a pillar of support.

Tom quite understood the action, but his male intelligence grasped at something more important than the temporary consolation his presence could yield.

"Look here, Ida," he said; "I must go and tell your mother—they'll ask for her; I must fetch her, if she can come, and if she can't, I must bring Mrs. Smith" (the landlady of the house where Nelly lodged).

"Oh, Tom, don't go away—please, Tom," the child began, in alarm, and turning to him as far as she could.

The boy looked around him in some perplexity—what could he do? he knew what was the value of time in such a case. Not for the world would he see the poor child remanded, even for an hour, to the chill comfort of a police cell; yet how leave her? and who but himself could be the messenger?

In this dilemma, his eyes met those of the young woman who had spoken of her husband, and whom he had not before noticed.

"I have seen your face before," she said, addressing him.

"Yes," said Tom, recognizing her; "I came to your place at Islington once or twice, with some bills that we was late with. Your husband belongs to the 'Little Jewel,' and his name's Stocker, aint it?"

"Worse luck," was the reply; "I thought I remembered you. Is that your sister?"

Tom answered in the negative, and then, moved by the compassion he saw in the face of the woman, he briefly and with wonderful rapidity communicated the facts of the case, and the perplexity he was in.

"You go," said the woman, decidedly; "you go at once, and if the mother can come anyway, you bring her. I'll see to the little girl—you never fear; he'll be all right when he comes out, and only too glad not to face me. I'll do quite as well for her as you could; and," she added, in a whisper, "the policeman's a friend of mine, and won't be hard if I speak for her—you just cut away."

Tom followed her advice, not so quickly but that the look of agony which passed over the face of little Ida went to his heart; but he knew his errand was one of necessity, and, as he sped on his errand, it only once crossed his mind that he was in a fair way not only to forfeit all chance of promotion, but to lose his employment altogether, and embroil himself with his mother past all chance of reconciliation. As the possibility crossed his mind of her demanding his immolation at the shrine of Thatcher as the only possible expiation, he exclaimed emphatically and aloud—

"I'll go to sea first!"

This was the sole allusion Tom permitted himself to his own affairs; his mind reverted to the unaccountable event of the morning, and still revolving all its possible results, he found himself at the court of the Goswell road, and before the house he sought.

Tom was far from a good one to break unpleasant news, or acquit himself of a delicate mission satisfactorily. He felt his own deficiencies, and paused in his rapid career as he ascended the stairs, to consider how he could best begin.

A thought struck him; he stopped on the landing, and was about to knock at the door of Agnes Chaunce, to solicit her intervention, when he heard a confused sound within, the door suddenly opened, and Agnes herself appeared, with tear-stained face, and distraction in her features.

"He is dying!—my father is dying!" she cried. "Oh, Tom, for the love of Heaven, run for the doctor—he was here last night—he said there was nothing to be feared just now; but my father is worse—I know, I feel he is dying."

Poor Tom's difficulties seemed thickening around him.

In a few hurried words he told his errand. The girl, staring wildly at him, scarcely seemed to take in the sense of what he said.

At that moment the door above opened.

"Bring her up, bring her up," cried a frantic voice, which he hardly recognized as Nelly's. "She is dead! she is killed! my child is killed, and you have brought her home—let me see her, let me see my child!"

"Go to her," said Agnes, mournfully. "My God! there seems nothing but misery in this world."

Ay, but much that comes of our *errors!*

Tom ran up stairs, and at the top met Nelly, half dressed, in the wildest distraction.

"Where is she?" she cried. "She is dead! she is hurt! What have you done with her?"

"Ida is safe, Mrs. Franklen," said Tom; "she isn't hurt—nothing's the matter—only there's a mistake, and I want to take you to her."

The poor mother threw her arms around his neck, and blessed and kissed him, crying the while very much to the discomfiture of the printer boy, to whom the experience was totally new.

In a few moments Mrs. Franklen had on her bonnet and shawl, and, by the aid of Tom's arm, descended the stairs. But here her strength failed her—the very reaction produced by a relief of her worst fears deprived her limbs of their power.

The landlady—whom Tom had summoned, and who, hearing the state of the case, at once consented to go—advised that Nelly should remain; but the mother, though yet hardly aware of the facts of the case, would not hear of it.

So a cab was fetched. The man happened to know Tom, and had no hesitation upon the subject of his fare, which might otherwise have been excusable.

A half-frantic woman, in a state which in such cases is usually ascribed to but one cause—drunkenness; a second in dirty *deshabille*, escorted by a grimy lad, in paper cap and corduroys, not being the sort of fare to inspire confidence in the breast of even a London cabman.

Mrs. Grejons little thought for what her reputed solvency went bail.

They were not long reaching the court. Tom had done his best to prepare Mrs. Franklen for what awaited her, but when she entered on the scene, and beheld her child, who had just been placed in the dock—a policeman on one side, her little hand held on the other by a strange woman, with a swollen eye and face disfigured, surrounded by officers and the unsavory, ill-looking crowd which pressed upon her darling, as if her mere position there made her one of themselves—the woman's heart seemed to die within her, as if she had been instrumental in this outrage on the poor innocent; as if here culminated all the consequences of her *error;* she struck her clenched hands upon her breast, and, groaning, tottered to a bench behind her, where she dropped like one who has received a sudden blow. To be continued.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

At the age of twenty-two, Sarah Ward became the wife of one on whom she bestowed her heart's fondest devotion. She was as fondly loved in return, and no exaction could go beyond the measure of her husband's constant and affectionate attentions. It chanced that for several years their home lay in a secluded portion of the country, where they saw few guests, visited little, and were compelled by circumstances, which neither of them ever seemed to regret, to rely upon each other for all companionship and social enjoyments.

Perfectly united in thought and purpose, not less lovers than on their bridal day, the fifth year of their wedded life came and passed, and no breath of distrust or jealousy had ever breathed upon it.

But then, alas! a change occurred in their mode of life. They removed to the city where Sarah's youth had been passed, and where she was at once welcomed by scores of old friends, who well remembered the affectionate, lovely, and graceful girl who had given such life and animation to their circles. In a little time the youthful pair were launched on the great sea of society, with a constant round of engagements, and hospitalities as profuse as their very handsome fortune allowed.

Here it was that the long-concealed taint of jealousy developed itself in Sarah. It is but justice to say that she strove against it, first wondering at, then trying to subdue, the fierce pangs that gnawed at her heart, as she saw those attentions bestowed upon others, which, till then, had been exclusively her own.

In vain she reasoned with herself, and repeated, again and again, in her self-communings, that her husband was only paying the small change of society in courteous attention to ladies at the houses of others, and, in his own, was doing no more than politeness required of him in the capacity of host. But jealousy is, perhaps, less controllable by reason than any other passion. It has its birth in the extremest and narrowest selfishness, and therefore heeds the dictates of right scarcely at all. It tramples remorselessly on all that comes in its way, stabbing reputations and hearts with cruel blows, and withering, with the poison of suspicion, all the blooms of human happiness that grow in its path.

So it was with the mad passion that obtained possession of Sarah's soul. All kindness, thoughtfulness, consideration for others was cast away. Where she had once trusted so fondly, she now most bitterly distrusted. She beheld treachery lurking behind every smile of friendship, and the caresses of her husband were spurned with coldness, or received, in sullen protest, as the kisses of a traitor.

Sarah's husband, too, though long-suffering and kindly, though truly devoted to his wife, and animated by Christian principle, was not of angelic mold. Injustice stirs the worst propensities in the human breast into life and action. Accuse a man of some mean and dishonorable deed which he has never dreamed of committing, and ten to one, stung by your false judgment of his character, he will ponder on that phase of wrong, until perverted reason clothes it in the garb of right, and nothing but firm principle will prevent him from its commission on the first opportunity.

Well it was for the husband of Sarah that he was a christian in the highest sense of the term, not a mere professor of belief in dogmas, but a doer of the word of truth. Else he, too, might have been goaded into that dark and crooked path of vice, whose tortuous labyrinths forbid the hope, almost the possibility, of return.

A beautiful young girl, as gay and innocent as Sarah had once been, came, at this time, to spend a few weeks with friends of her's, and going much into society came often in contact with the now unhappy pair. She soon became a general favorite, and attentions were lavished upon her, all of which she received so innocently but gratefully, that only the madness of jealousy could have fastened a suspicion upon her conduct. The husband of Sarah was pleased with this charming young creature, as was every one else, and as she was often at his own house, could not avoid paying her the attentions demanded by politeness. This led to crimination and complaint. The husband's requests that she should not be again invited were spurned, and he then absented himself whenever she came, resolved to give no occasion to Sarah's injurious suspicions. This reasonable conduct was met with the expression of a suspicion that he met her elsewhere, and almost despairing of any diminution of Sarah's jealousy, while the object remained, he resolved at last, as much for the sake of the innocent and unconscious girl as for his own, to leave the city until she had departed.

A happy pretext of business occurring, he made his preparation at once, Sarah for the first time seeming glad to facilitate his departure. On the morning fixed for the commencement of his journey he was not well, and at no other time would Sarah have permitted him to leave her, under such circumstances. But jealousy had extinguished, for the time, all affection, and made her forgetful of a wife's plainest duties. She coldly bade him farewell, untouched by his pale, sorrowful face, and saw him go away with a feeling of triumph, that now he would be removed from the fascinations of her suspected rival.

A week later how gladly would she have recalled and blotted out that parting scene. Had she kept him at home to nurse his slight illness but one day, his life might have been saved. For there had been a steamboat explosion upon a Western lake, and her husband had been one of the victims.

The first terrible shock over, she remembered how she had tried his faithful heart with suspicions, now, too late, seen to have no reality; and how she had almost driven him from his home, turning coldly from his complaints of illness, and reluctance to leave her side at such a time; and above all how freezingly she had parted from him, and how maliciously she had triumphed over his departure.

She could not pardon herself; she fell into that state of despair, where hopeless of God's pardon, life and reason totter together on their throne. She lived, but reason fled, and she dragged out the remnant of her miserable life in an insane asylum.

TRESSY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I found my Tressy milking
In the blithesome summer morn,
When the dew was on the clover,
And the tassel on the corn.
Sweeter than any red rose
In her royal, reigning hours;
The yellow hair about her eyes,
And her bare feet in th' flowers!

O day of days! thy memory
Will never fade, nor pass;
Patches of snowy violets
Were clouding all the grass,—
The jealous brook lay fretting
Between his banks of moss,
And shrugged his dimpled shoulders
As I lightly leapt across!

Adown her cheek the blushes
Ran rippling like a veil
Into the bosom, warm and white
As th' milk within her pail;
As I told my love to Tressy
In the blithesome summer morn,
When the dew was on the clover,
And the tassel on the corn.

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HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Next to the elephant, in point of size, weight and strength, is the rhinoceros. His average height is from six to seven feet, and his length from twelve to thirteen, and the circumference of his body is sometimes equal to his length. His skin is so thick and tough that an ordinary bullet will seldom penetrate it, and accordingly the hunter of the animal is obliged to prepare his balls with a mixture of solder. This skin or hide, in some varieties of the beast, has the appearance of being intended for a much larger animal, and hangs loosely about the neck and other parts in large plaits or folds. His upper lip is flexible and at his command, and on his nose is a hard, stout horn, generally from eighteen inches to three feet in length, which he uses in plowing up the earth and in attacking his enemies. His eyes are small and keen, and have rather a straightforward than an oblique vision, so that from the leeward, whence he can receive no scent of his foe, the hunter can generally get very near him before being discovered. Like all other wild animals, he has an instinctive fear of man, and, unless wounded and thus rendered furious and reckless, he will generally run from a hunter, and with such speed that only a very fleet horse can overtake him.

The rhinoceros is a native of most of the hot countries and islands of Southern Asia and Southern Africa. He is not of a social disposition, and is generally found alone, but occasionally with a single companion, and sometimes, though rarely, with from six to twelve. His sleep is taken in the daytime, in some cool and shady spot of the great forest or jungle, and at night he is abroad in all his activity, in search of food and water. He generally visits his water-haunts from nine to twelve o'clock at night, and from then till daylight he rambles about over a great extent of country, feeding upon herbs, thistles, shrubs, sugar-canes and wait-a-bit thorns, but never devouring flesh of any kind. Like the hog, he is very fond of wallowing in mud and mire, and his thick, rough hide generally shows an incrusted evidence of a late indulgence in his favorite pastime.

Africa produces two species of the rhinoceros —the black and white—and four varieties. These latter are respectively called the one-horned and two-horned black rhinoceros, and the common and long-horned white rhinoceros. Our description has been mainly of the black species—the white being larger, less fierce and active, and with a thinner and smoother skin—though all the varieties have so much in common as to render further particularity unnecessary.

The rhinoceros generally lives at peace with all surrounding animals, whether large or small, he having no cause or desire to molest any, and his great size, strength and activity rendering him too formidable an antagonist for even the boldest and fiercest to venture an attack. The tiger often walks quietly by his side, the lion does not dispute his right of way, and the elephant is fain to give him room.

But what is really very curious, this huge animal is almost constantly attended, night and day, in Africa especially, by a number of small, grayish birds, which take up their abode on his body and feed upon the ticks and insects which continually gather upon his rough hide. They are called rhinoceros birds, and are truly his body-guard and sentinels, always carefully watching him while he sleeps, and warning him of the least danger by sticking their bills into his ears and rousing his dormant senses with their harsh, peculiar cry. There seems to be a perfect understanding between bird and beast—for no sooner is the latter made sensible of this warning cry, than he springs to his feet, looks hurriedly around, and goes crashing away at his swiftest pace, the little birds sitting on his back and screaming their joy at his escape. Many a huge, ugly rhinoceros of the great forests and jungles of Africa, at this moment, owes his life to the warning voices of these sagacious little creatures.

There are three modes of hunting the rhinoceros—by stalking, on horseback, and with elephants. The first and second modes are most common in Southern Africa, and the last in the Indies, where the jungles are so dense that the beast cannot be safely attacked in any other manner. The black, one-horned species is most frequently found in the Indian jungles; and as this is the most active and ferocious, the hunt is often perilous, even when the party is well mounted on thorough-trained elephants.

The manner of proceeding in the latter case, is for a party of several experienced hunters, all mounted on the backs of some half a dozen elephants, to strike off into a marshy jungle and fire upon the first rhinoceros discovered, whether he be alone or in company with others. If alone, his first effort, before being hit, will generally be to save himself by flight, or screen himself in a denser portion of the tangled vegetation; but once enraged by being wounded, he is very apt to attack his foes in a most vigorous and desperate manner, endeavoring to plunge his sharp, strong horn into the sides or belly of the first elephant he comes to, and rip him open to the entrails. As the elephant cannot run from him, and has no means of warding off the blow, he is trained to turn at the proper moment and receive the elevated horn in the thick portion of his hind quarter, where no mortal injury can be inflicted—the hunters meantime pouring in a perfect volley upon the attacking beast, and generally soon bringing him to the earth.

Of the hunt in Africa, we will give an illustrative incident or adventure, which we have gathered from a strictly private source.

Two English officers, respectively named Pembroke and Stephens, had ventured back from the Cape far into the interior of that wild, almost unpeopled country, where the huge beasts of the wilderness might with propriety be called the lords of the domain. Here, sometimes alone by themselves and sometimes accompanied by a few of the natives, they had several week's sport, killing something of almost every genus, and of the different species of the antelope in great abundance.

One morning, as was sometimes their custom, they mounted their horses and set off alone on the trail of a male giraffe, which they had wounded the night before at a fountain near their camp, where the animal, with many others, had come to slake his thirst during the hours of darkness. The trail being marked by blood, they were enabled to follow it easily, and did so for a considerable distance. It led them into a thick, dark wood, which they had penetrated for something like a mile, when they were somewhat startled by hearing a strange kind of snorting and blowing sound, accompanied with a loud rustling and crashing of bushes ahead of them. Simultaneously drawing up their horses, they listened for a few moments to these peculiar sounds, looking inquiringly at each other.

"What is it, Stephens?" asked Pembroke, in a low, guarded tone.

"I cannot imagine," returned the other, "unless it is an elephant. I have never heard anything exactly like it before; but from what I have read and been told, I should not be greatly surprised to find it one of those monstrous beasts."

"Perhaps it is our dying giraffe?" suggested Pembroke.

"It may be, and I will hope it is, for I am really anxious to secure one of those long-necked fellows. But we waste time here," he pursued, looking at the caps of his double-barreled hunting piece. "Let us ride cautiously forward and be prepared for the worst."

The two hunters accordingly advanced at a slow gait in the direction of the noise, which continued as they had first heard it, but grew more audible every moment. Soon they reached a large thicket of wait-a-bit thorns, which stretched away to the right and left, and was as impassible as a hedge, and from beyond which came the blowing, snorting and thrashing sounds louder than ever.

"It is certainly some large beast," whispered Pembroke; "perhaps two of them engaged in a fierce encounter; but they are evidently not carniverous, or we should hear their furious growls."

Once more carefully looking to their weapons, the two men rode cautiously round the thicket, till they came to an opening like an avenue, through which they could see what was taking place; and there, to their great surprise, they beheld a large, black, one-horned rhinoceros, furiously engaged in charging upon a clump of bushes, which he seemed determined to destroy, and a considerable portion of which he had already broken down, uprooted, and trampled under his heavy feet.

This being the first of the species that either of the hunters had ever seen, and not knowing that it was the habit of the beast so to conduct himself at certan periods during a wild, mad freak, they were greatly astonished and knew not what to think of it. At first they were disposed to believe that there must be some small animal or snake in the bushes, which had aroused the fury of the monster; but after watching him sometime, they became satisfied that he was merely venting his rage upon inanimate objects; and then came the important question, as to what they themselves had better do under the circumstances. It was clearly evident that the furious animal was not aware of their proximity, and they might easily steal away as they had come, unobserved; but this in the eyes of hunters looked like cowardice, and both felt a natural ambition to add the monster to their stock of specimens, or at least secure his horn as a trophy of their prowess.

"Shall we fire upon him?" whispered Pembroke, with a nervous working of his fingers about the lock of his rifle.

"If we do," replied the other, "I fear our leaden bullets will not penetrate his thick hide, and then most likely he will make a rush for us."

"But our horses are fleet and in good condition, and we came into this wilderness to take our chances," said his companion.

"True," rejoined Stephens, "and I am as anxious to kill the beast as you are. At all events, suppose we make the trial. Do you fire first then, aiming for his fore-shoulder; and if you can succeed in crippling him, I think the rest may be safely managed."

Nothing but his intense occupation with his harmless but furious work of destroying the clump of bushes before him, and the loud blowing, snorting, tramping and thrashing noise he himself made, had thus far kept the dangerous animal from detecting the presence of his enemies—for the horses of the hunters, unaccustomed to such a sight, had all the time been very restless—champing their bits, snorting, rearing and dancing—so that now, when Pembroke had resolved to fire, he found it impossible for some minutes to get anything like a correct aim.

But at length there chanced a favorable moment, with one side of the huge beast toward him, and he fired both barrels of his rifle in quick succession. The balls evidently hit the point aimed at; but for any good they did, they might as well have been flattened against a stone wall. The rhinoceros sprang aside as if rather startled than hurt, wheeled face to his foes, and, catching a sight of them, made a sudden and furious rush forward, with elevated head, and a noise something between a grunt and a bellow. Not troubling himself to take the open avenue through the thicket, he crashed madly through the hedge-like thorn-bushes, trampling them down as if they were so many weeds. Without waiting for him to reach them, both hunters put spurs to their horses; and when the savage beast appeared on the near side of the bushy barrier, they were at least a hundred yards distant, riding for their lives among the tall trees of the forest.

On seeing the hunters flying so fast before him, the huge animal suddenly came to a halt, with a loud blowing sound, and seemed undecided whether to pursue them or beat a retreat. At this the hunters also checked their flight, and Stephens, riding out from his companion, who now began to reload with all haste, fired both barrels at the head of the beast. More by good luck than skill, one of the balls struck him in the left eye, in a way to destroy the vision without mortally wounding him, and the other went through his flexible upper lip, drawing blood, and the two enraging him to perfect madness.

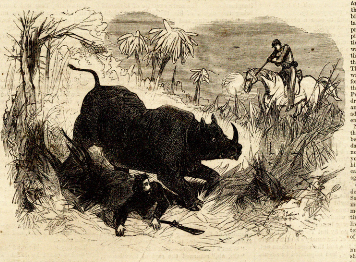
With a snort of fury, the animal now made a desperate charge for his last assailant, and pursued him for half a mile with such headlong velocity, that at the end of that space not more than twenty yards divided them, although Stephens had made his fleet horse do his utmost, and torn his clothes in ribbons, and lacerated his face and arms in contact with branches, bushes and brambles. Seeing there was little chance of his escape in a dead race, he now bethought him of doubling upon his pursuer, and fortunately chose his blind side, and soon had the satisfaction of finding himself beside him.

Pembroke now rode up, and, while the rhinoceros was beating about in fury managed to get within twenty yards, and give him two shots in his left shoulder, one of which fortunately took effect. The enraged animal wheeled and made a limping charge at his foe, who now easily avoided him, when, seeming suddenly to think he was not going to have the best of the fight, he turned and made off as fast as he could.

This was the turning point in favor of the hunters, who, with shouts of joy, pursued him for more than a mile, each alternately giving him the contents of his rifle as fast as he could load and fire.

At length the beast came to bay, weak and bleeding, in a small thicket, and springing from his horse and taking a position directly in front of him, Stephens fired both barrels at his head. The beast now made another charge, and the daring hunter, attempting to fly, slipped and went down right before him. Before he could regain his feet, the huge animal had passed almost over him without seeing him, one of his feet just grazing his head.

A few more shots then settled the business, and the hunters finally returned to camp, bearing in triumph the hard, polished horn of the brute, and thanking God they were alive to tell the story of their perilous adventure.



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A SEDATIVE IN A SMALL DOSE.

We were thinking the other day, how foolish it was to decry any class of persons, what faults soever they may have to annoy us, provided only they possess the foundation virtues—truth and honesty. It is good, after all, that the world is composed of this mixed variety. If all were executive and imperative, there would be none to obey; for the head, busy with planning, cannot carry out every petty detail in person. If all were timid and conservative, there would be none to take the first courageous, initiatory step; sometimes, indeed, overshooting the mark of prudence, but in its rebound, defining the safe and healthy track for the masses to follow. Let us not then complain, no more than does the manager of some enterprising establishment at the different degrees of operative capacity presented to his notice, his only object being, to assign to each their befitting post of employment, to carry out the one great successful result. Because there are elephants in the land, shall there be no toiling ants? He who, with impatient foot, would crush out the little colony of the latter, because they cannot "build Rome in a day," instead of grain by grain, would fain write himself down wiser than his Maker. The world is wide enough for both; and, after having said this, allow us to avow our personal tenderness for the elephant. We have a weakness for a paw that can do crushing execution in a necessary emergency; though a humming-bird is a pretty creature too in its place. In short, we don't think we could have essentially improved on this world, had we filled out the programme. It is healthy to get into a fury, now and then, with your deceitful on-the-fence people. It stirs your blood; and as a bandboxy, male-writer flippently remarks on a very earnest question: "antagonism gives that expression which some countenances lack!" We hug to our souls the truthful and reliable with a vigor which only can grow out of the disgusting knowledge of two-faced, two-sided people. Let them go on trying the two-stool plan, with the inevitable result of a seat on the ground at last. We, for one, can stand it with this prospect! FANNY FERN.

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HOW TO ADMONISH.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow: the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

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A SCOTCHMAN, who had put up at an inn, was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nae very well either, but I was muckle better off than the *bugs*, for de'il ane o' them closed an e'e the hale night."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adaping the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidentlly in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

CADET.—No American can justly claim the merit of originating the idea of the West Point Military Academy, because institutions similar to that had existed long before ours was thought of. The establishment of the Academy was recommended by Gen. Washington in more than one of his messages, but the first intimation of the necessity of such an institution occurs in the letter of a lady. Mrs. John Adams, in 1777, lamenting the want of good officers in the revolutionary army, used the following language: "It was customary among the Carthagenians to have *a military school*, in which the flower of their nobility, and those whose talents and ambition prompted them to aspire to the first dignities, learned the art of war. From among these they selected all their general officers." These words were written ten years before the formation of the institution at West Point. They were addressed to John Adams, who was an early advocate of the Academy.

N. J.—Certainly, ask the father's consent before marrying his daughter. It would not be improper for you to *write* and ask his consent, if you cannot summon courage to do it orally.

C.W.H.—The President of the United Sates, and, indeed, most of our prominent men, have, at some time during their lives, paid some attention to the study of law.

J. G. H.—A gentleman visiting a lady should retire at a proper hour, and not submit himself to the mortification of being politely reminded of the fact that "it is getting late."

HAIDEE writes that a short time ago she became engaged to a young gentleman whom she truly loved; that she confided her secret to a married lady friend, who advised her to discard her lover, and watch the effect upon him, in order to test his love; which she did. He visited her several times afterward, but as she continued to assure him that she had ceased to love him, he commenced paying his attentions to another young lady, to whom, rumor says, he is now engaged. He visited her again, after she had heard of his new engagement, when she assured him that "she had only been in fun," that she had loved him all the time, and that, having now tested him sufficiently, she was ready to renew their old relations. He made no definite reply to this; and since that time he has not visited her, but still continues his attentions to the other young lady. She wishes us "to kindly think over her case and answer." You are deservedly punished for your conduct. You should have had more sense of honor, and more respect for the feelings of your lover, than to follow the foolish advice of your married friend. His last visit to you was no doubt made simply for the purpose of getting from you the acknowledgement that you loved him, before inflicting upon you the same torture of heart which he experienced, and which is increased upon your part by the consciousness of being in the wrong. As he is now aware of your love, if he is not too deeply offended at you, or too deeply enamored with your rival, he may choose to return to you; but if he does, he will show himself to be as big a fool as you are.

J. W. Y. is engaged to a young lady, but is deterred from asking her father's consent to their union on account of his superiority in wealth and position. He says, "I am sure he will look with scorn and contempt upon one so poor as myself, who should be so aspiring as to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage; and knowing this, I have not yet spoken to him upon the subject, but am losing courage the more I delay." Our advice is, that you go to her father, and sustained by the consciousness that you are doing your duty and acting honorably, ask him in a frank, manly way for the hand of his daughter. Whatever may be the consequence, this is the only honorable course to pursue. You should not ask the young lady to marry you without first asking the consent of her parents, nor should you keep the fact of your engagement secret from them. If their knowledge of it should result in your separation, so be it. You will have done your duty, and the consciousness that you have acted honorably will sustain you, and elevate you in the eyes of her whom you love. If worse comes to worst, you can "bide your time," until circumstances render it judicious for you to act, and then take whatever course you think best in the matter.

JULIA.—That American ladies dress more expensively than any others in the world has often been asserted, and the remark is not wholly untrue. The letters of the wives of American ministers, in the early period of the republic, often express astonishment at the plain apparel of French and English ladies of rank; and certainly our ladies do not dress less showily now than formerly. Three reasons occur to us for the costliness of ladies' dress in this country: 1. The great number of clear, sunshiny days in our climate renders it possible for ladies to wear, out-of-doors, a style of costume which would be immediately ruined in the damp and smoky atmosphere of England. 2. It is the peculiar vice of colonies to live too fast, and to be fanatical in following what they suppose to be the fashion. 3. In Europe, ladies have a *rank* which no one questions; but in America, vulgar people deem it necessary to assert their equality with others by wearing extravagant clothes. For a woman whose husband's income amounts to fifteen hundred dollars a year, or less, to try to *seem* to dress like one who has thousands at her command, is very silly and very wrong. Yet there are women who will do it to the sacrifice of all the important interests of life, and hence much of the extravagant dressing of which you complain.

CATO.—This correspondent asks, "What must I do to avoid marrying a young lady who is beautiful, of a fair complexion and good disposition, but possesses no property, which would prostrate me if I should marry her. I am in haste for your reply, for she has threatened to destroy herself in case I delayed much longer." It strikes us that you have not stated all the circumstances of the case, but have been playing the scoundrel, and now wish to get rid of the girl. If such be the case, you deserve to be made acquainted with the interior of a State institution provided for the benefit of such villains. No words can express our detestation for such a person. If you have *not* been guilty of the baseness which we suspect you of, and do not love the young lady, tell her so in a delicate, manly way, and perhaps time may allay her grief. The contemptible and selfish manner in which you speak of her want of property, however, almost precludes any supposition of your having acted honorably in the matter.

SHOBONIER.—The Isle of Man derived its singular name from a famous chief who once ruled and possessed the island. The name of this personage was Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Sheirr; and the island was consequently called the Isle of Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Sheirr. But this name being beyond the pronouncing capacity of mankind in general, it was gradually reduced to its present diminutive form; another proof of the tendency of human nature to fly from one extreme to its opposite.

Y. Z. says, "I often hear the expression 'I will not do any more than I can help.' Is that correct, or should it be, 'I will not do any more than I *cannot* help?'" The first form is correct. The expression is used to convey the idea that "I will only do what I cannot escape doing." "I will *not* do what I can *help* doing," is another form of the same expression. It would be absurd to say, "I will not do what I *cannot* help doing."

IRVING.—The writings of Gen. Washington consist of letters, military despatches, diaries, and messages. A selection from them has been published in twelve volumes, which can be obtained of any bookseller. A large number of his letters remain unpublished in the department of state at Washington.

INSURANCE.—In case you insure your house for five thousand dollars in three different companies, and it is damaged by fire to the extent of ten thousand dollars, each company pays its proportion of the loss. You can never recover more than the loss amounts to.

STAR.—The present flag of the United States was adopted by Congress June 14th, 1777.

PHILOS.—This correspondent wants "a synopsis of the different theories concerning the revolution of the planets." He says, "I am engaged in scientific studies, and have been exceedingly puzzled to comprehend exactly what '*scientific principles*,' of which I hear and read so much, really are." This is a question which may well puzzle a student, as it is one upon which the most learned and scientific men have differed. All admit that science has to do with the natural universe established and controlled by God, and that the principles of science, proceeding from him, are therefore fixed and eternal; that they always have existed, and will continue to exist until the end of all things. The only difficulty is to determine what these principles are. Some contend that they are the fundamental laws or rules of action established by Deity, in accordance with which all operations in nature are carried on, and to which everything must conform. Others think that they are the primary causes which operate (so to speak) to keep the machinery of nature in motion, and produce the ends designed by the Creator, all *centering in*, or *proceeding directly from, him*, as the great cause and moving power of all things. Thus one theory concerning the revolution of the planets in their orbits is, that they are constantly operated upon by the direct application of the power of Deity, or, as an eminent Divine has somewhat irreverently remarked, that "God is constantly pushing them around in their orbits." Persons holding to this theory think that "scientific principles" are the direct application of the power of God to the universe, which extends throughout the whole material world, and is visible in all of the operations of nature. The other theory concerning the revolution of the heavenly bodies, is, that they are operated upon by two forces, and in accordance with the laws of motion, move in an orbit between the two. These forces are the attraction of the sun, and the "force of projection." The attraction of the sun tends to draw the planet directly toward that body, while the force of projection (which is the force with which the body was first started) tends to carry it off in a straight line, or in a tangent from its orbit. Being constantly operated upon by these two forces, the planet moves between the two, thus making the line of its orbit circular.

HEBER.—The story is true. It is related by Mrs. John Adams, wife of the President, in one of her letters to her husband. She says that a large party of Massachusetts men, in 1774, fearing that the powder in a certain powder house near Boston was not safe from the British troops, seized it, bore it off, and concealed it in a place near her residence. On their way they overtook a Tory magistrate, who, it was known, had in his possession two warrants for the arrest of two patriots. They demanded the obnoxious documents, which were immediately given up to them. They then formed into a circle, in the middle of which the warrants were solemnly burnt. The day on which these events occurred was Sunday. Before the circle broke up, *it was put to vote* whether or not they should hurrah over the double triumph of the day. It was decided not to hurrah. The men then separated in silence, and went home. This is certainly one of the most curious examples of controlled enthusiasm on record.

INDIA.—You are mistaken. It was at the battle of *Hydaspes* that the army of the Indian king, Porus, was defeated, and he himself taken prisoner by Alexander. Owing to the depth and rapidity of the river between the two armies, and the vastly superior numbers of the Indians, Alexander did not attempt to force a passage, but sent a body of cavalry some distance down the river to make a feint of crossing, and attract the attention of Porus. He repeated this manœuver until the Indian king paid no attention to it, when taking the greater portion of his army, he crossed at that place unmolested. Attacking the Indians in such a manner as to avoid their elephants, and ordering those left in the camp to cross and assail them in the flank, Alexander gained a complete victory and captured Porus; but afterwards liberated him and made him governor of his Indian provinces.

W. H. H.—A tune similar to Yankee Doodle was in use in England previous to the reign of Charles I. and during the revolution in which that monarch was dethroned, it was sung by the Cavaliers to different words ridiculing the Roundheads, and among others to a set entitled "Nankee Doodle." During the expedition against the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac in 1755, a physician in the British army altered the old tune of "Nankee Doodle," gave to it the name of "Yankee Doodle," in derision of the New England volunteers, and prevailed upon them to adopt it, representing to them that it was very much used and highly valued upon the continent of Europe. It may, as you say, have been "played by an Italian fifer at the evacuation of Boston," but did not originate on that occasion.

PERTH.—Mental ability is, of course, in some sense, always inherited. But so mysterious and subtle are the laws of nature in this respect, it is impossible to speak with positiveness on the phenomena exhibited in the mental developments inherited. We of course all know that parents of great talent have stupid children, and that many of our ablest men come of parents who never exhibited talent of any kind. It is not an uncommon thing for a child to exhibit talents far superior to those of either of its parents. The reason, doubtless, is, that in the child the good qualities of both parents are united, and the undesirable traits omitted. This subject, however, is enveloped in mystery, and will probably always elude the researches of man.

UNCAS complains that a young lady whom he has been visiting, and who has assured him in her letters of her love, now treats him with indifference, and is receiving the attentions of a person whom she herself says is "very unruly," and whom Uncas "knows visits her with dishonorable intentions." He is in great perplexity, and wishes to know what course to pursue. Frankly state to her your feelings in regard to her fickle conduct, inform her in a respectful manner of the reasons for your suspicions of your rival's intentions, and if she still persists in her infatuation, you can but let things take their course. You will have done all that is required of you, and she must abide the consequences of her conduct.

ST. LOUIS.—We do not believe that a balloon can cross the Atlantic in twenty-four hours, so long as the only propelling power is the wind. Careful and repeated experiments have shown that the velocity of the wind never exceeds one hundred miles an hour. An ordinary light summer wind moves at the rate of three or four miles an hour; a good sailing breeze, from seven to fourteen; a gale, from twenty-five to fifty; a hurricane, from seventy to ninety-five. Now, no aeronaut can make his balloon go faster than the wind which drives it, and that being the case, it is folly to expect him to cross the Atlantic in less than two or three days.

MIZPAH.—Situated as your lover is, perhaps his every action is watched by those around him, and even his correspondence may not be free from their espionage. This fact may account for his seeming neglect. His letters may have been intercepted, or having reason to think they would be, he may have thought it best to discontinue them for the present. There are many other circumstances which, from his peculiar situation, may have operated so as to prevent the receipt of your letters by him, or of his by you, and you should suspend your judgment of his conduct until you can ascertain the truth.

MOHAWK.—The only animal that occurs to us as being raised for its fur alone is the cat. There is a breed of cats in Holland which produce a highly valued fur, and are raised for that purpose. The cats are fed chiefly on fish, and are kept until the fur has attained its utmost length and luxuriance. Whether such creatures as the sable and the beaver could be artificially multiplied, we can only conjecture. Probably the best way to prevent the extinction of fur producing animals, would be to make it unlawful to disturb them in the breeding season, or to kill a female.

PATIENCE.—Young ladies are apt to exaggerate. So, at least, we have been told. It appears to us that you are mistaken in supposing that the down which grows on the upper lips of many ladies is such a grievous disfigurement. It certainly is not to our eyes, and there are many who consider it ornamental. Unless the hair which so cruelly mortifies you should really assume the prominence of a moustache, you had better let it alone. No one will esteem you the less, or love you the less, for it.

L. L. L.—The letter A is the first in every known alphabet except the Ethiopian, in which it is the thirteenth. The very word alphabet shows that A is the first letter in the Greek alphabet, since the word is composed of the first two letters, alpha-beta. As children now say, "Do you know your A, B, C's?" so the same use of alpha-beta among the Greeks led to the formation of the word alphabet.

DIAMOND.—The British Court is called the Court of St. James because the official residence of the sovereign is called St. James palace. This palace is an old and ugly brick building, not now occupied by the royal family, and only used on state occasions.

BELLA.—All branches of education are helpful to the success of a person desiring to become an authoress, but those that are *most* essential are those which bear directly upon the subject on which she intends to write.

SYLVIA.—The printing and manufacture of a thousand copies of a duodecimo volume of 300 pages, will cost you not much less than five hundred dollars.

DENTAL.—Pure, white castile soap is the best dentrifice, with occasionally a little powder to polish the teeth.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*